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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE
Friday, September 21, 1984

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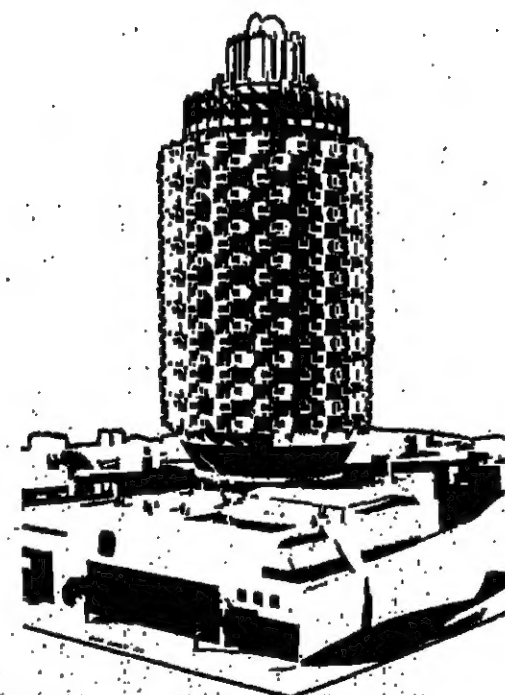
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On the cover, Irene and Ilana, two of the volunteers in the Sar-el programme, at an army base in central Israel. The photograph is by Joel Fishman.

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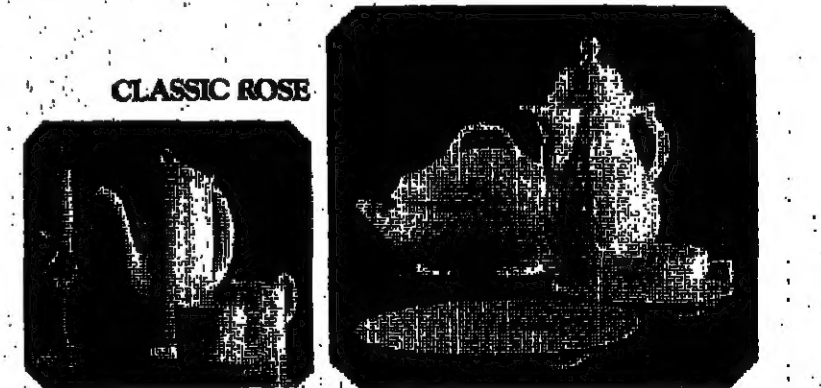
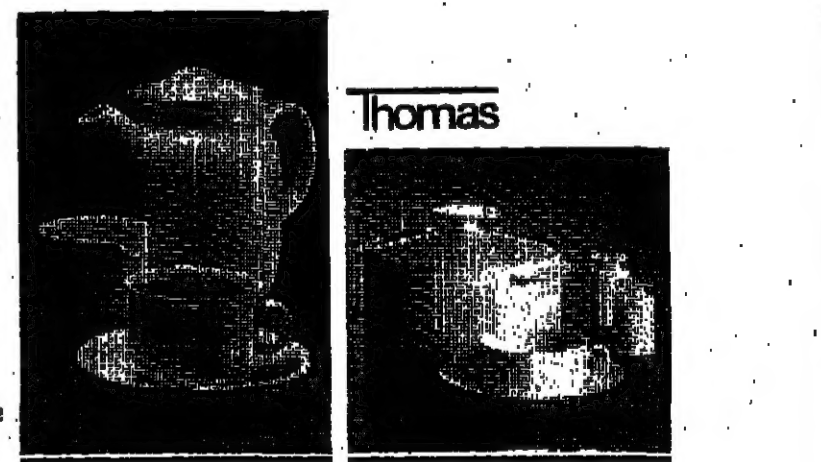
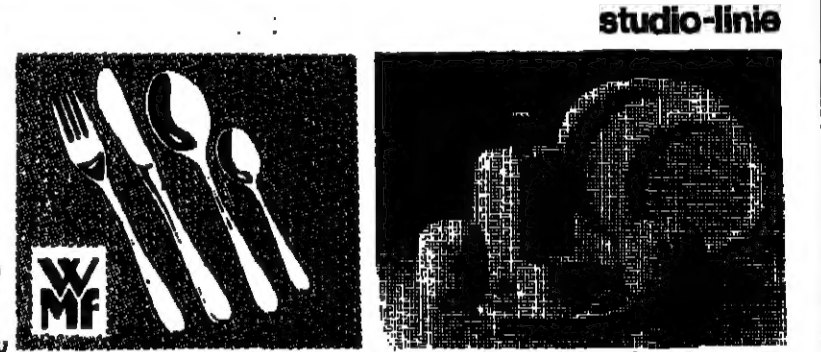
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TOMORROW, the war between Iran and Iraq enters its fifth year. It has become not only the most prolonged but also the most costly of all modern Middle Eastern wars.

In terms of economic cost, it has wiped out the huge reserves Iraq had accumulated during the oil price boom, and has forced Baghdad to mortgage its post-war oil revenues for many years to come (mainly to Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, who bear most of the current cost of fighting the war). On the opposite side, it has cut away the ground from under the new Iranian regime's plan for self-sufficiency and economic reform.

In terms of human costs, the estimates likely to come closest to the truth speak of 500,000 dead (counting military and civilian losses on both sides).

In political terms, the war has cost Iraq its standing as a major actor on the Arab scene; its regional policies have been reduced to plaintive and rather unsuccessful pleas for Arab support for the war effort. For its part, Iran has succeeded in antagonizing both superpowers, most of Europe and virtually the entire Middle East.

The gravest political damage wrought by the war has probably been that done to the Arab world at large. The fact that two Arab countries—Syria and Libya—have elected to side with Iran has had a disastrous impact on the very concept of Arab solidarity—battered as it already was by the events of the preceding decades. For an Arab state to actually collaborate with the enemy of another Arab country then at war with it, was unprecedented in modern Arab politics. The possible parallel with what might happen in a new Arab-Israeli war was frequently drawn by Arab commentators.

THE DELETERIOUS effect was compounded by the knowledge in the Arab world that, in choosing sides, Damascus was not motivated by any sympathy for, or affinity with, Khomeini's regime. It was moved by its abysmal hatred of the rival Ba'ath Party regime in Baghdad. Moreover, it hurt Iraq's ideological warfare at its most sensitive spot: while Iran depicts the war as an Islamic campaign against the secular, a-religious (and therefore, in the Iranian view, anti-religious) Iraqi Ba'ath regime, Iraqi war-time propaganda projects an image of a national all-Arab war against an ethnic enemy. Baghdad describes itself as holding the fort of pan-Arabism against an alien people still seeking to revenge themselves for the defeat they suffered at the hands of the Arab armies of emerging Islam. That defeat, which put an end to the last pre-Islamic Persian empire, occurred in 637 at Qadisiyya. Saddam Hussein, the leader of present-day Iran, has seen to it that the current war is referred to as "The Qadisiyya of Saddam Hussein."

But it is easier to conjure up the memories of 637 than to suit the actual events of the 1980s to them. The image of Iraq fighting the battle of Arab nationalism is made nonsensical by two Arab countries assisting the enemy, and by the reluctance of the others fully to identify with Iraq. No collective Arab security measures have been applied, despite the existence (since 1950) of an Arab Joint Defence Pact; no Arab country has sent troops to the Iranian front; no Arab capital has severed diplomatic relations with Teheran.

The Arab Gulf countries fail to quite identify with Iraq for fear of overly antagonizing Iran—tomorrow's possible winner. Most other Arab governments cling to the hope of a negotiated settlement (even though the events of the last four years should have disillusioned them).

ENDLESS WAR

The confrontation between Iran and Iraq has degenerated into largely stationary trench warfare, more reminiscent of World War I than any subsequent conflict. And there seems to be no end in sight, writes DANIEL DISHON.



on that point) and therefore ever towards a neutral stance. The assistance actually rendered by Arab countries (most notably in financing the war and in providing supply lines from Aqaba through Jordan and along the southern Gulf littoral) is taken as a matter of course; the types of aid not forthcoming are the subject of moody complaints on the part of Saddam Hussein. ("The Arabs are as you see them; you must not expect great things of them, then you will not be disappointed," is one typical quote from his sayings.)

Arab solidarity (itself no more than a pale shadow of the earlier concept of Arab unity) has thus become a war-time casualty—whether fatal or not it may be too early to say, but a lasting debilitating effect is certain to result.

IN MILITARY terms, the war is being fought in a manner reminiscent of World War I much more than WW II. After only three weeks or so of mobile warfare right at the start, it has turned into a largely stationary kind of trench warfare, a prolonged battle of attrition punctuated by Iranian offensives in which the Iranian army makes some initial gains at great cost in lives and matériel, then grinds to a halt in face of Iraq's gradually improving defensive capacity.

Since 1981, each such push has carried the Iranian army forward to slightly better positions than before. Yet none has come anywhere near delivering a decisive war-winning blow. The thinking in Teheran obviously was that such a long-haul strategy of attrition worked in favour of Iran. It had a much larger population and much vaster spaces; it could draw on the revolutionary zeal engendered by Khomeini (while the public mood in Iraq was increasingly despondent); unlike Iraq, where casualties were officially ignored, Iran had an ideology of martyrdom allowing it to display them proudly, making it possible to enlist adolescents (not to say children) and to employ costly massed-infantry tactics.

Yet even under Khomeini, revolutionary fervour cannot be maintained endlessly. In 1984, Iran's superiority in this WW I-type of warfare was no longer quite so evident in Teheran. The best evidence for this is the 1984 summer offensive, "the offensive that never was." Scheduled to begin in June, it was frequently referred to in the preceding weeks by "Western intelligence sources" (most probably used for the purpose of advance publicity by their Iranian counterparts) but failed to materialize. Weeks later, a highly-placed Iranian leader said that it "might start tomorrow or a year from now."

Obviously, then, Teheran had come to the conclusion that, for all the massive troop concentrations already in place, the offensive would do little more than make one more minor dent in the Iraqi lines. It would be, the leaders estimated, easier to fend off criticism of the army's inaction than to face the likely domestic reaction to yet another major effort producing such meagre results.

Attrition had slowly become a double-edged sword. With the front-line congealing even further in 1984, economic warfare now became the most vital arena of the war effort (another WW I parallel). More specifically: the Iranian blockade of Iraqi oil exports, and the attempted Iraqi counter-blockade of Iranian oil shipments, each intended to deprive the other of the financial and economic means to sustain a prolonged war, became the pivot of the war.

Iraq had started this interdiction

campaign back in 1980 when it used its naval superiority to block the exports of Iraqi oil through the Gulf. This brought Iraqi exports down by approximately one-third. The remaining two-thirds continued to reach the Mediterranean through two pipelines: one across Syria, and one across Turkish territories.

In the spring of 1982, Iran prevailed on Syria to render it a major strategic service: against the promise of oil supplies from Iran, Damascus blocked the flow of Iraqi oil through the Syrian pipelines. With only the Turkish line left, Iraq's exports were down to 20 per cent of their pre-war volume. All the while, Iranian ex-



ports depended only on Teheran's economic policy and on the state of the world oil market.

A few months later, Iraq countered by proclaiming the area around Kharg Island (the major Iranian oil export terminal) an "exclusion zone" where all shipping would be liable to attack.

But Baghdad did not then possess the naval and air strength necessary to carry out its threat. It therefore took in hand a plan to restore oil exports to their former volume by building new pipelines: a parallel line through Turkey intended to double the total flow there, a new line through Jordan to Aqaba and another new line from Iraq's southern field to the Saudi Red Sea port of Yanbu. Together they would make Iraq independent of the Hormuz shipping lanes. All are, however, long-term projects incapable of speedily altering the present war-time situation.

Iraq therefore reverted to the strategy of the counter-blockade. With its air force strengthened by the delivery of French-made Super Etendard aircraft carrying Exocet missiles it stepped up attacks against tankers bound for or coming from Kharg Island, and on the island itself. The Iraqi raids and Iranian counter-raids against tankers carrying Arab oil from Gulf ports led to the "tanker war" of last spring.

AT THAT POINT, the war seemed

to be moving towards a climax. Iran proclaimed the principle that if its own oil could not move freely through the Gulf, nobody else's would either. An Iranian blockade of the Hormuz Straits seemed imminent; a global oil crisis seemed to loom; and massive Western intervention in the Gulf suddenly seemed possible.

Within weeks, however, both sides backed down to some extent. Iraq stepped down, but did not discontinue its attacks against Iranian oil traffic—presumably at the prompting of Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and other Arab states who argued that they were not financing Iraq's war for the purpose of having Baghdad endanger their own oil exports. Iran retreated from its threats to close the Hormuz Straits, having realized (one must suppose) that their closure might a) boomerang against their own oil exports; b) drive the Arab littorals of the Gulf into Iraq's camp; and c) virtually force the West to intervene.

The "tanker war" in the Gulf then had a brief epilogue in the Red Sea in July and August last. Many aspects of the minings there still remain shrouded in mystery. The most likely interpretation is that Iran, having lost face over the Hormuz threat remaining an empty gesture, now wished to demonstrate to Iraq that the Aqaba and Yanbu pipelines would not do it any good. Iran was just waiting for them to be completed and was ready to act there, too.

To make its point, it called on its other ally, Libya, to take its turn to render it a service by placing the mines. Libya seems to have complied willingly, because it would not pass up a chance to harm the interests of Egypt, if only incidentally to the main purpose.

The immediate Hormuz and Red Sea crises subsided fairly quickly—until such time, that is, when one or the other side comes up with a new idea for a "tie-breaker."

OVER THE YEARS of warfare, there has been a subtle shift in the way the two sides state their war aims. Initially, the accent was on certain (mostly minor) territorial claims and counter-claims, and on the border line and navigation rights in the Shatt al-Arab river. Today, on the Iraqi side, there is an off-repeated readiness to negotiate a compromise settlement on terms which would do no more than barely allow Saddam Hussein and his regime to survive politically. In Iran, by contrast, the accent is almost entirely on the need to bring down, and punish, Saddam Hussein—"that incorrigible beast," as Khomeini has called him.

In an address on the occasion of 1d al-Fitr (on July 1, 1984) Khomeini cited critics who, he said, asked why Iran did not seek a compromise with Iraq. This is what he told them:

"To compromise with oppressors is to oppress the oppressed...I advise all the countries in the region...to leave this beast [Saddam Hussein] alone...If we gave him half a chance, even for a day, he would ruin Iran. We are defending ourselves [as well as] the Iraqi nation, a nation...burdened with an internal party [the Iraqi Ba'ath party]...Those who tell us to compromise are either ignorant or [foreign] agents."

That attitude is likely to carry the war forward well into its fifth year. □

Daniel Dishon is a Senior Research Associate at the Shiloah Institute at Tel Aviv University's Dayan Centre for Middle Eastern and African Studies, and one of the editors of the Institute's Middle East Contemporary Survey.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1984

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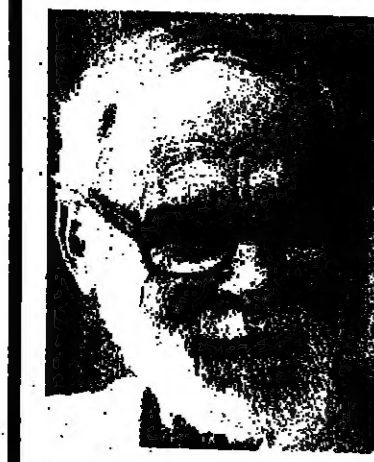
GIVE SOLDIERS LIFTS

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE FIVE



(Above) Group of Sar-el volunteers at IDF base. Beverly and Ralph Goldberg are at right in rear row. (Below) Danny Spiolta, who works as a mechanic at transport depot. (In box) Founder David.



UNOFFICIAL RESERVISTS

The Post's DANIEL GAVRON visits two army camps, to learn about a programme, initiated by Aluf-Mishne Aharon Davidi (left), which has brought 3,000 volunteers to Israel in the past two years.

"IT'S DIFFERENT from the usual tour where you get on the bus at 8 a.m. and have to visit a dozen places by midday. It's a great way to see Israel.... You meet the real people."

"I fell in love with the country. I never realized it would have such an impact and I want to contribute to making Israel strong."

"I've never worked so hard and never been so happy. This is the experience of a lifetime!"

These three comments — the first from a retired businessman, the second from a 27-year-old adoption case-worker, the third from a 30-year-old teacher — seem to sum up Sar-el. Volunteers for Israel, which started in June 1982 and has already brought some 3,000 volunteers to Israel.

The volunteers, men and women, students and senior citizens, spend three or four weeks working in army camps and bases from the Golan to the Negev. So far the programme is

confined to the U.S. and France; but plans are in hand to extend it to other countries.

Initiator of the scheme and chairman of its organizing committee, veteran paratrooper officer Aluf-Mishne (res.) Aharon Davidi, ticks off three basic achievements:

- Each volunteer replaces a reserve soldier, enabling that soldier to stay home, saving his National Insurance payment for his reserve service.
- Israelis see that Jews are prepared to come and help out.
- Lasting friendships are formed between the visitors and soldiers in the camps where they work.

"We never say a word about aliya," says the white-haired, white-bearded Davidi, "but some 200 of the volunteers of the past two years are at some stage of immigrating to Israel."

The programme is not aliya-oriented, says Davidi, but anyone

who expresses an interest in coming here is helped. "They know my phone number," he smiles, "and they know that I will do all I can to help them with *protektzia*." He uses the notorious word unashamedly. He feels that a person considering immigration is encouraged, in the face of the bureaucracy, by the knowledge that he or she will receive personal assistance in addition to that of the normal agencies.

Today, Sar-el is a non-political organization, which is why figures such as Gush Emunim activist Meir Indor, who was involved with the programme in its early days, are no longer associated with it. But its support spreads across Israel's whole political spectrum. It includes such "left-wing" figures as Nahman Ruz of the United Kibbutz Movement, former MK Imri Ron of Mapam, National Religious Party dove Avraham Melamed, as well as MK Yigal Cohen of Herut.

SAR-EL HAS recruiting officers in 40 locations all over the U.S., working with a minimal budget on a voluntary basis. Operating the offices is financed by the \$25 registration fee which every volunteer is required to pay.

The Defence Ministry gives the programme a small budget, which in the past was used for subsidizing the air fares of the student volunteers. The money for this has run out; but El Al grants substantial reductions. The volunteers pay their own fares; but their stay in army camps and bases is free.

They work a full day, like the soldiers, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and, if necessary, at night as well. They are taken on half-day trips to the Western Wall, Yad Vashem, Beth Hatefutsoth, Masada and the Kinneret; but they usually "pay back" the time by working at night.

Segen-Mishne Niva Elkin, formerly a clerk in the paratroops

A VISIT to a transport depot near



(Above) Ted Singer and Dan Golden. 'I had hoped to work on tanks, but the greening of Israel is also important. (Below) Amy Azose and Tracy Osborne.



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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

Jerusalem

I SAW PEOPLE LAUGHING — One woman performance by Edna Fildes. (Pargod, 94 Bezalel, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

SHE WASN'T HERE — A woman's past memories become her present reality. (Pargod, 94 Bezalel, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI OR THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND — Beit Leislin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Nahmani, tomorrow, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO — By David Mamet. Beit Leislin production. A portrayal of people living on the borderline of the underworld. (Beit Leislin, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

BEHIND THE FENCE — By Chaim Nachman Bialik. A musical love story produced by Habimah. (Habimah, Large Hall, Sunday through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CRAZY SPOILING — Hasidish production. A comedy. (Old Jaffa, Hasidish, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

EDMOND KEAN — Beit Leislin production. (With Yossi Banai portraying the character of the 19th century British actor. (Beit Leislin, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; Monday at 9.00 p.m.)

GHETTO — Habimah Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS — By David Mamet. Habimah production. About the business world in America. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE HOMECOMING — By Harold Pinter. Cameri Theatre production. A son returns home to introduce his wife. (Cameri Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN — Mini Musical. Hasidish production. (Old Jaffa, Hasidish, tonight at 10 p.m.)

INTIMACY — By Sartre. Hasidish production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. Hasidish, production. (Old Jaffa, Hasidish, tonight at midnight Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN — By Dalton Tzavta production. About a 20-year-old U.S. soldier who returns home wounded during W.W.I. Portrayed by Itzik Weingarten. (Tzavta, Sunday through Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

JOSEPH AND HIS TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT — Cameri production of the musical. (Hayarkon Park tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

THE KREUTZER SONATA — By Tolstoy. Beit Leislin production. A study of sex and jealousy. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 10 p.m.; Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

LIES — Cameri production. About the friendship between two families. (Cameri, Sunday through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.; Sunday with simultaneous English translation)

NOT NOW DARLING — A comedy produced by the Yavut Theatre. (Neve Zedek, Thursday at 10.00 p.m.)

PASODOBLE — Israeli play about a crazy night in a couple's life. Tzavta production. (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 and 11.15 p.m.; Rishon LeZion, Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE SUIT — Miriam Nevo presents a monodrama. (ZOA House, 1 Frick, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY — Beit Leislin production. Flight of a Jewish-American homosexual to live his own life in his own way. (Beit Leislin, tonight at 9 p.m.; tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Others

THE ELEPHANT MAN — Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. Based on a true story published by the protagonist's doctor in London in 1923. (Beersheba Theatre, tonight at 8.30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

LEGENDS — SHADOW THEATRE — Puppet theatre for age 5 and above. (Tzavta Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

STORY TELLING HOUR — For ages 4-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

WILD SWANS — By Hans Christian Andersen. Puppet theatre for age 8 and above. (Tzavta Theatre, Monday at 5 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BRUNHILDE THE WITCH — Theatre for ages 7-12. (Old Jaffa, Hasidish, tomorrow at 12.30 p.m.)

THE PRINCESS WHO DIDN'T LAUGH — A crazy legend. Ages 4-8. (Old Jaffa, Hasidish, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

SONGS AND STORIES THAT I LOVED — Motti Barkan in a presentation of song, sound and theatre. For ages 5-12. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

"ANIMALS IN MUSIC" — Musical event for young and old presented by Yehuda Nahari. Works by Rameau, Bach, Grieg, Satie, Bartok, Stravinsky, Ibert, Copland and many others. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

ORGAN CONCERT — Dr. Johann Trumner (Orgel). Works by Walther, Bach, Mozart and others. (Dormition Abbey, Mt. Zion, tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI FLUTE QUARTET — Uri Shoham, Ruler, Rafael Frenkel, violin; Robert Moses, viola; Yoram Alperin, cello. Presented by Alexander Tamir. Works by Tchaikovsky, Mary Ellen-Or, J. Ch. Bach, Albert Koenig, Antonin Reicha. (Tzavta Music Centre, Elin Ramat, Monday)

WITH A FRENCH FLAVOUR — Emilie Berendsen, mezzo soprano; Zmira Lutzky, piano. Works by Chabrier, Gounod, Satie. (Tel Aviv Museum, garden, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

DANCE

KARMON ENSEMBLE — New dances based on works by Jewish musical composers. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.



Itzik Weingarten portrays the protagonist in 'Johnny Got His Gun' at Tzavta, Tel Aviv, from Sunday through Tuesday.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ — With well-known musicians. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Ramada Renaissance Hotel, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ — Freddie Weibel, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA — With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA — Hasidic rock with Shalom. (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 9.45 p.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO — Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Itzhak Zilber, Zipporah Bat-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

BEHIND THE SOUNDS — Matti Cepl and

Shimon Gronich. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m.; tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

BLACK VELVET — Irish music. (Old Jaffa, Hasidish, tomorrow at 11 p.m.; Monday at 9 p.m.)

COALITION CACKLE — Satire with Meni Pe'er and Tuvia Tsafir. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 10.15 a.m.)

DON'T SHOOT — I'M A PACIFIST — A cabaret from the Thirties. (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tonight, Thursday at midnight)

HAKOL OVER HABIBI — With their new programme of song and humour. (Givataim, Shavit, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

HOLIDAY SHOW — With Hanan Yovel, Kobi Oshrat, Kobi Rech. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tomorrow at 10 p.m.; Sunday at 9.30 p.m.)

JAZZ — Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Flomstein, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Pitz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO — Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Itzhak Zilber, Zipporah Bat-Yehuda. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

MUSICAL MEETING — (Beit Leislin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

SHLOMO ARTZI — With his new programme "Dance." (Tzavta, tomorrow at 10.30 p.m.; Thursday at 10.15 a.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR — With well-known musicians. (Beit Leislin, Sunday at 10.00 p.m.)

YEHUDIT RAVITZ — Sings her songs. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 10 p.m.)

DUOS AND QUARTET — Folk songs with The Dudaim and The Parvarim. (Ra'anana, Moetzet 1 (upstairs), tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

EILAT FESTIVAL — Corinne Elal, Yuval Bannai, Benzine; plus jazz performances. (Ophira Garden, tonight); Miki Gabrielyov, Ariel Zilber. (Ophira Garden, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

GILA ALMAGOR — In her programme of songs, Almost Strong. (Ashdod, Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

HAKOL OVER HABIBI — (Beersheba, Keren, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Ra'anana, Orat, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

OTHERS

WALKING TOURS

(In English)

Jerusalem

Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m., Thursday at 2 p.m. — Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. The Cassanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. — Archeology in the Jewish Quarter; Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. — Sites of special Christian interest.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. — The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-4 hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archeological Tours

Daily at 11.30 a.m., Friday at 9.30 a.m. — Jewish Quarter Burnt House, Cardo.

Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.45 a.m. Monday at 2 p.m. — Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday Wednesday at 2 p.m. — City of David, Area "G," Hezekiah's Tunnel, Pool of Siloam.

Monday, Wednesday at 8.45 a.m. — Temple Mount, Dome of the Rock.

Tuesday, Thursday at 2 p.m. — Christian and Moslem Quarters.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cardo information booth, Jewish Quarter. Tickets on the spot.

Society for the Protection of Nature

Tours

Sunday at 7 p.m. — Walk on Old City ramparts. Meet Jaffa Gate.

Wednesday at 2.30 p.m. — Excavations of Western Wall. Meet Dung Gate.

Friday at 10 a.m. — City of David and Hezekiah's Tunnel. Meet Dung Gate. Bring flash-light.

Registration at the offices of the SPNI, 13 Helesse Hannekka Street, Tel. 222357, 244605.

Other towns

Haifa

"Sabbath Morning Walk" — Tomorrow at 10.00 a.m. till 1.00 p.m. from Panorama Rd. Organized by the Haifa Tourism Development Ass. Includes museums, Baha'i Shrine and gardens and others.

Safed

Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safed, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067-30448

CINEMA 10/10
in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067

Fri. Sept. 21
Double feature/1 ticket
PRIVATE BENJAMIN 2.30
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY 4.30
Sat. Sept. 22
BANANAS 7
DR. ZHIVAGO 8.45
Sun. Sept. 23
Double feature/1 ticket
PRIVATE BENJAMIN 3
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY 5

HANANAS 7
DR. ZHIVAGO 8.30
Mon. Sept. 24
DR. ZHIVAGO 4
LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER
7.15
FRITZ THE CAT 9
Tue. Sept. 25
DR. ZHIVAGO 4
FRITZ THE CAT 7.15
LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER 9
Wed. Sept. 26
HAIR 2.30

EDEN
THE HOWLING
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

EDISON
STREETS OF FIRE
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9
No complimentary tickets

HABIRA
LA BALANCE
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

ISRAELI MUSEUM
THE SMURFS
Sun., Mon., 3.30

LA NOTTE DI SAN LORENZO
Thurs. 6.8.30

KFIR
FUNNY WORLD
Sat. and weekdays 7.9

MITCHELL
THE MAN WHO LOVED WOMEN
Sat. and weekdays 7.9

ORGIL
ROMANCING THE STONE
Saturday 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

ORION
THE NATURAL
3rd week
Saturday 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.40.9

ORNA
Tel. 224733
NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VACATION
Saturday 7.9
Weekdays 7.9
Sunday ISSUD

SEMADAR
3rd week
LA TRAVIATA
Sat. 7.15.9.15
Weekdays 7.9

RON
A TOUCH OF CLASS
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.7.9

SMALL AUDITORIUM
BINYENET HA'UMA
ZIGZAG STORY
Sat. and weekdays 7.9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY
HIGH PLAIN DRIFTER
Friday 10
Saturday 7.15.9.40
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

BEN-YEHUDA
4th week
STREETS OF FIRE
Tonight and Thurs. 10.12
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

BETH HATTEFUTSOTI
TEL AVIV UNIVERSITY
JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
Sun. 8
THE HEIRESES
(French, Hebrew subtitles)

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE
Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1
14th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Tonight 10.12.15
Sat. 7.25.9.40
Weekdays 5.7.25.9.40

CHEN 2
3rd week
CHAMPIONS
Tonight 10.12.15
Sat. 7.20.9.40
Weekdays 4.40.7.20.9.40

CHEN 3
20th week
THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Fri. 9.45.12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.35

MARY POPPINS
Mnt. 4.45

CHEN 4
9th week
THE BIG CHILL
* CLIFF ROBERTSON
Friday 10.12.15
Sat. 7.25.9.40
Weekdays 10.30.1.30.5.7.25.9.40

CHEN 5
20th week
CROSS CREEK
Tonight. 9.45.12.15
Saturday 7.15.9.35
Weekdays 10.30.1.30.4.45.7.15.9.35

CINEMA ONE
2nd week
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Tonight and Thursday 10
Saturday 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

CINEMA TWO
2nd week
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
Tonight and Thursday 10
Sat. 7.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

CLASS 86 Allenby Rd.
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

DEKEL
5th week
THE NATURAL
* ROBERT REDFORD
Sat. weekdays 7.10.9.30

DRIVE-IN
EDDIE MACON'S RUN
Fri. 10. Sat. and weekdays 9.30
Sat. 7.15

Weekdays 4.30.7.15.
Tonight 12.15; Sat. 12 midnight
Sex Film

ESTHER Tel. 225610
7th week
LES MORFALOUS
(Légion of the Brave)
Tonight 10.
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.30.9.30

GAT
9th week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Saturday 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 5.7.15.9.30

GORDON
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
3rd week
THE HERD
(English subtitles)
"Best film of the year."
- Kol Israel
A new film by the director of *Yol*
Sat. 7.40.9.30
Weekdays 4.40.7.10.9.30

YOL
Fri. 2.30

LEVI
13th week
LA TRAVIATA
* THERESA STRATAS
* PLACIDO DOMINGO
* CORNELIUS MACDONALD
Tonight 9.30.11.35; Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 1.45.4.45.7.15.9.30

LEV II
2nd week
CHINATOWN
Tonight 9.30.11.30
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 1.45.4.45.7.15.9.30

LIMOR
27th week
A MIDSUMMER SEX COMEDY....
Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30
Sat. 11 a.m.
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

MAXIM
2nd week
DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAIDS
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

MOGRABI
15th week
AGAINST ALL ODDS
Sat. 7.15.9.40
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

* JEFF BRIDGES
* RACHEL WARD
* JAMES WOODS

HOD
CANNONBALL RUN II
Tonight and Thursday 10
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ONLY
2nd week
FUNNY PEOPLE II
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

PARIS
2nd week
BULL SHOT
Fri. 10. midnight
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 10.12.2.4.6.7.30.9.30

Sat. 11.30 a.m.
THE KING AND MR. BIRD

PEER
5th week
CADDIE
* HELEN MORSE
* JACK THOMPSON
"A new classic picture; one you should travel for to see" London Evening Standard
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

SHAHAF
13th week
BLAME IT ON RIO
A Stanley Donen film
* MICHAEL CAINE
* JOSEPH BLOOMBERG
* MICHAEL F. JOHNSON
Tonight and Thursday 10.12
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

Sat. 11 a.m.
FUNNY PEOPLE II

STUDIO
6th week
MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TAMUZ
Cinema Ramat Aviv
Tel. 412761
26th week
ZIGZAG STORY
Friday night 10.12.15
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.40

TCHETET
7th week
HORSE FEATHERS
Saturday 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 5.7.30.9.30

TEL AVIV
2nd week
JAW 3-D
Today 2.30.10; Thurs. 10
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM
27th week
SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY
Saturday 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 5.7.30.9.30

ZAFON
4th week
GARÇON
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE
5th week
LES MORFALOUS
(Légion of the Brave)
Saturday 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ARMON
NIGHT SHIRT
A very comedy
Adult over 18
With
HENRY WINKLER
MICHAEL LUTTEN
SHIRLEY LONG
Weekdays 7.15.9.30
Saturday 7.9.15

ATZMA
2nd week
LE BATTANT
(What a Man)
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

CHEN
15th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Saturday 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

* MORIAH
Sat. and weekdays 7
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Sat. and weekdays 9
IRMA LA DOUCE
Mon. and Fri. midnight
BLUES BROTHERS

ORAH
LA TRAVIATA
Weekdays 4.6.45.9
Sat. 7.9.15

ONLY
4th week
THE BIG CHILL
Saturday 7.9.15
Weekdays 6.45.9

PEER
STAR 80
MURKIN HEMINGWAY
ERIC ROBERTSON
CLIFF BAKER
Weekdays 4.6.45.9
Saturday 7.9.15
Adults over 16

RON
STREETS OF FIRE
Sat. 6.45.9
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

SHAVIT
6th week
ZIGZAG STORY
Sat. 6.30.9; weekdays 7.9.15

BAT YAM CINEMA

ATZMAUT
4th week
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ARMON
14th week
POLICE ACADEMY
Friday 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.30.9.30

LILY
BLAME IT ON RIO
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

OASIS
9th week
ROMANCING THE STONE
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.30
Weekdays 7.15.9.30
Mat. 4.30; PINOCCHIO

ORDA
INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

RAMAT GAN
2nd week
AGAINST ALL ODDS
* JEFF BRIDGES
* RACHEL WARD
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL
CHAMPIONS
Tonight 10
Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.15

SAVOY
2nd week
CANNONBALL II
Tonight and Thursday 10
Saturday 7.15.9.15
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.15

Herzliya Cinemas

DAVID
3rd week
FOOTLOOSE
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

HECHAL
THE AMBASSADOR
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TIFERET
POLICE ACADEMY
Sat. 7.15.9.15
Weekdays 5.7.15.9.15

BAT YAM CINEMA

THE HERO IS BACK

THIS WEEK AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM

NEW EXHIBITIONS
ART OF SARDINIA UNTIL THE END OF THE NURAGHI PERIOD.
Elk Barozzi's collection of ancient Sardinian art includes idol statues from 4,000-3,000 BC, a group of clay figures from 2,000 BC and about 70 bronze figurines dating from 1,000 BC. This collection compares in size and importance with the museum collections in Sardinia. Among the bronze figures in Barozzi's collection are figures depicting warriors and animals, which belong to the most beautiful Sardinian miniature art.

THE ZONE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY ESAIAS BAITEL
The first exhibition in Israel by Esaías Baitel, born in Sweden in the seventies, linking himself to street gangs in the outskirts of Paris, he followed a group which adopted Nazi symbols. With a mixture of obsessive curiosity and deep loathing, concerning his Jewish identity he followed the process in which a young adolescent rebelliousness and impulses of imitation breed the worship of power symbols, violence, racism and anti-Semitism. The series of 70 photographs shown carries the intensity of the photographer's experience, much more than being only an informative document.

DENNIS OPPENHEIM: FACTORIES, FIREWORKS, 1979-1984 (See in Holon Museum Pavilion)

EXHIBITION NAHUM GUTMAN
The exhibition is sponsored by the Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art.

COLLECTIONS
CLASSICAL 17TH AND 18TH CENTURY PAINTINGS: IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM; 20TH CENTURY ART; A SELECTION OF ISRAELI ART

SPECIAL LOANS INCLUDING PAINTINGS BY MONET, MORISOT, PISSARO, BONNARD, MATISSE, ROTHKO, GOTTLIB AND OTHERS

MUSIC: ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK

THE NEW FRENCH CINEMA (Premiere Screenings in Israel)
In cooperation with the French Embassy in Israel.

Sunday, 23.9: L'Amant Invisible (1984, 82 min., silent film). An animated film for children by André London, at 4.30 p.m.

Yn-C'd un Français? (1983, 100 min., in colour, French with English subtitles) Jean-Pierre Mocky's political satire, at 8.00 p.m.

Family Rock (1981, 83 min., in colour, French with English subtitles) José Pinheiro's film about the wanderings of two young people and their children, at 10.00 p.m.

Monday, 24.9: Films on Art: 1) Nicolas de Stael, 2) Atelier d'Artistes, Alechinsky, Messager, Cloris, 3) Forum - Les Halles, 4) Aix on Provence, at 4.30 p.m.

Reporters (1980, in colour, 97 min., in colour, French without subtitles) Raymond Depardon's film about a famous photographer's agent in Paris, at 8.00 p.m.

Le Grin de Sable (1983, 92 min., in colour, French with English subtitles) by Pomme Mellet, with Delphine Seyrig, at 10.00 p.m.

Tuesday, 25.9: Chronopolis (1983, 70 min., French without subtitles). A science-fiction film for children, at 4.30 p.m.

Signé Furax (1981, 95 min., in colour, French with English subtitles) Marc Simonon's detective comedy, at 8.00 p.m.

En Haut des Marches (1983, 92 min., in colour, French with English subtitles). Paul Vecchiali's film, at 10.00 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENT IN THE MUSEUM GARDEN.
In conjunction with the New French Cinema with a FRENCH FLAVOUR, with Emille Berendse, mezzo soprano; Zmira Litzky, piano; Florent by Chabrier, Gounod, Satie. Saturday, 22.9, at 9.00 p.m. The museum will be closed on Wednesday, 28.9, Thursday, 29.9, and Friday, 28.9.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION

VISITING HOURS
Sun-Thurs 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; 5-9 p.m.
Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Closed Friday

6 Tarsat St. Tel Aviv
Tel: 299750, 207196

DENNIS OPPENHEIM: FACTORIES, FIREWORKS 1979-1984
Dennis Oppenheim (U.S.A.) will exhibit large three-dimensional works which he will construct in Tel Aviv for the exhibition, plus models and drawings for other sculptures, created in the course of the past five years. One of the prominent American artists in the field of Conceptual, Earth and Body Art, as well as Performance, Oppenheim has, since 1979, been constructing 'Factories' and later 'Fireworks', these are machine-like assemblages, or installations, which are made of metal parts and other materials.

Give Soldiers Lifts



All about Yves. Actors Montand (right) and Villeret in Claude Sautet's new film, 'Garçon.'

FILMS IN BRIEF

AGAINST ALL ODDS - Remake of a film called 'Out of the Past.' This version portrays a love triangle in which an American football star falls in love with a woman involved with a nightclub owner. The characters, being insufficiently interesting, make for a film of little substance.

BLAME IT ON RIO - And blame it on the heat and beat of the samba, which causes all sorts of adulterous affairs. A light-hearted film, starring Michael Caine, Joseph Bologna and Michelle Pfeiffer.

THE BLUE BROTHERS - Director John Landis unleashes the natural forces of Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi on an unsuspecting Chicago, and turns out the comiest orgy of slapstick destruction combined with the delectable touch of urban blues. A field day for rampant insanity.

CHINATOWN - An unorthodox, complicated and rather intriguing thriller set in Los Angeles of the late Thirties with Jack Nicholson as a private eye and Fay Dunaway as an enigmatic widow with whom he gets involved. Directed by Roman Polanski.

DR. ZHIVAGO - Touching story based on Boris Pasternak's novel about an upper-class doctor (Omar Sharif) who becomes involved with the revolutionaries. Set in the pre-Russian Revolution period. Also stars Julie Christie, Rod Steiger and Geraldine Chaplin. Beautifully filmed.

FOOTLOOSE - The scene is modern America. Boy from the big city goes to a small, conservative town, and makes waves while dancing up a storm.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY - This James Bond film falls back on old tricks instead of springing some new surprises.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE - Suspense and action aplenty in this second James Bond caper (1965), with Sean Connery (James Bond) and Robert Shaw.

GARÇON (WATER) - Yves Montand portrays Alex, a typical lower-middle-class man working in a Parisian restaurant. We see his past, and his dreams for the future, and the debt of camera and editors keep the story moving pleasantly along. Only the script is weak in an overall pleasant movie.

HAIR - Director Milos Forman has resurrected this 1968 Broadway musical into a highly entertaining, thought-provoking cinema piece. Music in splendid Dolby; excellent cast; and a non-maudlin reminiscence of the days of J.F.K., acid, flight-attendants and freaky-looking kids trying to change the world. A reminder of America's lost innocence.

THE HERD - Award-winning film written by the scriptwriter of 'Yol.' A tragedy, taking place in Turkey, about the marriage of a shepherd and his wife from a rival family. A rough, gritty film that can't be described as enjoyable.

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM - Sequel to 'Raiders of the Lost Ark.' Director Spielberg takes Indiana Jones from the seedy back streets of Shanghai in 1935, to the mysteries of a Maharajah's palace in a search for ancient ritual stories with magical powers. The stunts get to steal the limelight.

THE KING AND MISTER BIRD - A French animation feature using a Hans Christian Andersen tale as the starting point. A parable about dictatorship, uprising and destruction. Very intellectually pleasing with high professional standards of animation.

LA TRAVIATA - Director Franco Zeffirelli remains faithful to the spirit of Verdi's famous, larger-than-life, kitsch opera, and makes it work as a film. Starring Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo in the lead roles.

MARY POPPINS - Julie Andrews as the nanny with magical powers, sings and dances her way through this musical fantasy for all the family.

A MIDSUMMERNIGHT'S SEX COMEDY - A beautifully photographed Woody Allen comedy of moxie, uncomfortably placed at the turn of the century. Acting is excellent but the wisecracks are too thin to dislodge their pointlessness.

MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON - A zany comedy directed by Paul Mazursky. Robin Williams plays the role of Vladimir Ivanoff, a gentle Russian saxophonist who decides to defect during a visit to the consulate's department store in New York City.

THE NATURAL - Robert Redford stars in a rousing adaptation of Bernard Malamud's novella tale about a baseball player's mysterious comeback.

LA NOTTE DI SAN LORENZO (THE NIGHT OF SAN LORENZO) - A powerfully poetic rendition of a World War 2 episode describing the exodus of half the population in a small Italian town, shortly before their deliverance by the American Forces. A strong reminder by directors Paolo and Vittorio Taviani that history repeats itself.

POLICE ACADEMY - About a liberal lady mayor who opens the doors of the force to anyone who wishes to join. This film has a bit of many things - sex, violence, racist nuances, slapstick, satire and more, but they all add up to no great film.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK - This George Lucas-Spielberg ventures crookes magic out of sheer energy. A glorious, unadvised piece of entertainment.

RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE - Set in a remote French 16th-century village. Constructed as a thriller, the audience is invited to guess who the real Martin Guerre is, and questions of ethics, morality and truth are raised. This film is a rewarding experience.

ROMANCING THE STONE - A romantic, zany adventure of a pretty New York writer who goes to the jungles of Colombia to save her kidnapped sister. Lots of adventure, action and danger, but at least the film doesn't take itself too seriously.

THE SMURFS ARE COMING (HADRADA-SIMBRA'IM) - The little blue people are here, this time on the screen in a feature film, dubbed into Hebrew.

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY - Tale of one sad, revealing moment in the dwindling life of Monsieur Ladamir, a moderately successful and thoroughly unsatisfied artist. French director Bertrand Tavernier turns an outwardly banal day into a moving examination of a man's search for his past.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT - The relationship between a self-centred mother and her daughter over a period of 15 years. James Brooks' Hollywood production is an ideal combination of laughter and tears. Superb acting by Shirley MacLaine, Debra Winger and Jack Nicholson.

A TOUCH OF CLASS - Excellent comedy about an illicit affair between a married man and a divorcee. Stars George Segal and Glenda Jackson.

YOL - 5 jailed Turkish men are given a week's furlough. Through their eyes, we get to see Turkey and her people. Excellent filming and some incredible performances make this a film no true film buff would want to miss.

ZIGZAG STORY - A zany, French situation comedy about 3 friends: a colour-blind artist, a photographer of nude models, and a radio announcer. Very enjoyable.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

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9:45 pm: *Il Conformista*
Dir.: Bernardo Bertolucci
Mon. at 7 pm: *Still of the Night*
Dir.: Robert Benton
9:30 pm: *Le Desir de Juliette*
Tues. at 4 pm: *Unidentified Flying Oddball*
Dir.: Russ Mayberry
7 pm: *Lawrence of Arabia*
Dir.: David Lean
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Indian delights

AS ROSH HASHANA draws near, I find myself thinking more and more about the traditional Jewish dishes of my childhood: rich chicken soup with Knedlach, gefilte fish, tzimmes and kugel.

I even set out for Tel Aviv where restaurants making such food abound. As it happens, however, I came in contact with Jewish tradition from quite the other side of the globe.

The reason for my diversion began with a note from a colleague in Tel Aviv who sent me the card for a new vegetarian Indian restaurant in the London Minster complex on Rehov Ben Gurion. "Good Indian food like the kind they serve on Chapati Beach in Bombay," she wrote.

Another colleague came to me with a similar tale. In addition to being very reasonable, the restaurant was full of Indians, a sure sign of authenticity. On the way to Tel Aviv, I happened to mention all this to my companion, who immediately pleaded to go there.

After all, who am I to say that only kishke is Jewish? So we found ourselves at one of the little tables in the passageway outside Ichak Dana, whose counters are packed with fascinating-looking fritters and pancakes.

Across the passageway is an establishment offering electronic games, and it would appear the cooks wander across from time to time to try their hand at the newest variation. For me, the flashing lights and the beep-beep of the games gave the place an even greater aura of authenticity, and made me feel I was truly in the Far East.

WITH AT LEAST a dozen different dishes on its menu, Ichak Dana has a real problem in communication. This is overcome to some extent by pictures of the various dishes mounted in a loose-leaf notebook and displayed on the restaurant walls. The only trouble is that not all the dishes are listed in the notebook, and some of the pictures have the wrong names under them. It's all very confusing, but hardly enough to discourage one.

Making life easier is the waitress, a pleasant young woman with a tremendous appreciation for everything Indian. Curiously, she has never been to India. Unable to make an

MATTERS OF TASTE Haim Shapiro

educated choice, we pointed to three or four pictures, almost at random. The first to arrive was the Dai Batata Puri, little round, fried puffs filled with chick-pea and lentils and covered with yoghurt sauce and something slightly sweet not unlike chutney. The combination was delightful and quite enough to sharpen our appetite for the other dishes.

Next we tried the Masala Dosa, a sort of thick pancake filled with potatoes and served with a sauce of curried vegetables. By the way, this was one of the few items made with wheat flour: most of the dishes on the menu seem to contain lentil or chick-pea flour.

One of the few familiar items were the samosas, little fried pockets of dough, stuffed with a savory chick-pea mixture. I have had these, or at least something with the same name and vaguely the same ingredients, but there is no comparison. These were so much lighter, so much more subtle, they achieved the rank of minor masterpieces.

There seems, by the way, to be no relation between the length of the name and the complexity of the dish. The Dai Puri consisted of puffy bread-like discs with a simple curried potato sauce, while the plain puri was a fabulous creation of fritters, sauce, and crunchy noodles on top. Clearly this is a place to while away the hours with tidbit after tidbit.

Of course, it all made us a little thirsty, and naturally we ordered lassi, the Indian iced yoghurt drink, rather than such mundane things as soft drinks or beer. The drink was truly superb with a wonderful aroma of rose-water.

MEANWHILE, we fell into conversation with the mother-in-law of the proprietor, who told us that her daughter and son-in-law had only recently immigrated from Bombay. She herself had suggested that they open the restaurant. We also discussed the Baghdad food of the Jews of India, and especially the Baghdad community, of which her family is a part.

In fact, Ichak Dana's card carries

the message "Vegetable is kosher" and I have no doubt that observant Jews would be happy to eat in such a restaurant elsewhere in the world. Here, however, it lacks the kosher certificate of the local rabbinate.

We ended our meal - it was really a long and extensive series of snacks - with an Indian milk-shake, the only item that I really didn't care for as it seemed rather too sweet and not very refreshing. On the other hand, we were given a complimentary sample of delicious little pastry balls in syrup called Galum paneer, and these were absolutely delicious.

The bill for the entire selection of dishes came to IS3,000 for the two of us.

ONE OF THE many dishes of Baghdad Jews, and one which would be especially welcome for a holiday meal, is a whole stuffed chicken, which can be eaten either hot or cold. For six to eight people, use a large chicken such as the frozen number three. If this is your choice, clean it well and soak it in water to which you have added half a cup of vinegar to improve the taste.

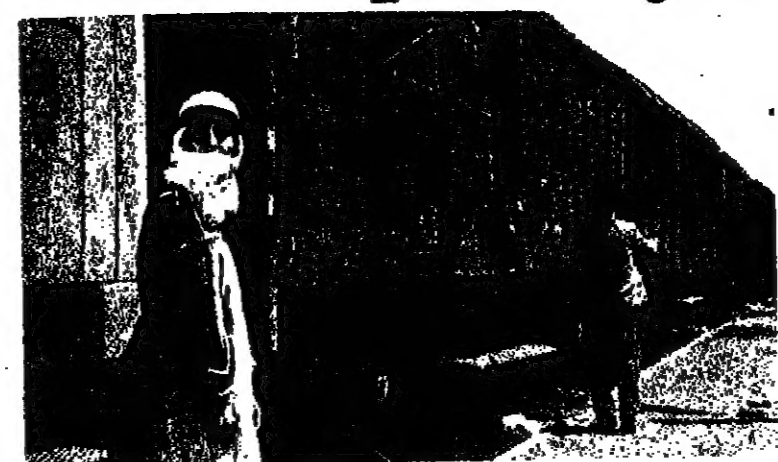
While the chicken is soaking, pour boiling water over a cup of rice and leave it to absorb half an hour. Meanwhile, fry a large chopped onion until it is soft. To the onion add 100 g. of pine nuts (or if you balk at the cost, almonds) and continue frying until the nuts are very lightly browned.

Drain the rice and mix with the onion and nuts. Add half a teaspoon of salt, a quarter teaspoon of allspice, a pinch of cumin and a pinch of hot red pepper. If you like, you can also add a handful of seedless raisins.

Fill the chicken with this mixture, leaving plenty of room for the rice to expand. Sew up the openings and tie the drumsticks and wings down so that the chicken is a tight package. In a pot which just holds the bird, boil two cups of chicken broth (from a tube if need be). Add the chicken and, after the liquid comes to the boil again, cover the pot, lower the flame and simmer for about two hours, adding more liquid if necessary.

Allow the chicken to cool in the liquid. Remove the strings and threads. Serve cold or reheat in a medium oven for about half an hour.

Painful portrayal



CINEMA Dan Fainaru

THERE ARE no pretty pictures to escape into in *The Herd*. No soulful, nice characters to empathize with, no cinematic tour de force to gaze at. This is a scream, angry, strident, frustrated, drilling into your eardrums and your subconscious long before it is actually emitted, in the last scene.

Which means that you will hardly come out of this Turkish movie pleased but sad, impressed but vaguely disturbed, as you came out of a later Yilmaz Guney film shown here last year, *Yol*. Without detracting anything from the merit of that Cannes award-winner, its polished, Western, civilized approach somehow allowed the audience to regard everything going on in front of it as a remote, exotic happening at the other end of the world.

The Herd, because it is rough, gritty and opposed to compromise, draws you in, for better or for worse, does not permit any distanced reaction. You either like it or dislike it. In either case you will probably do so intensely. One thing is certain: You won't be able to describe it, as some did *Yol*, as enjoyable. Nobody intended you to enjoy it, and if you feel as if you've been put through the meat-grinder, you will know that the film has achieved its purpose.

Like *Yol*, the late Yilmaz Guney made this film, six years ago, by remote control. That is to say, he wrote the script in jail and sent it to an old friend, Zeki Okten, with minute instructions as to the direction of actors and camera. He was given periodic short leaves to see the rushes and later, in the cutting room, to make sure that his orders had been strictly obeyed. That, at least, is the story, and as with *Yol* it would be difficult to separate the contribution of director Okten, who is an experienced professional, from that of Guney himself.

THE PLOT can be easily divided into three distinct parts. The first is set in the vast, arid spaces of Anatolia, amid the tents of a nomad family living on the sheep they raise and sell to the big city. Everything here is primitive - the way of life, the customs, the superstitions, the blood-fuels. The stubborn rejection of any compromise by the aged head of the family; his undisputed position of absolute ruler of the clan; his harsh, inflexible attitude towards his elder son, whose barren wife belongs to the family of his lifelong enemies, all these may be understandable, but they are also exasperating. Just as are the son's unconditional submission, his wife's silence, and the general acceptance of this doomed

way of life when progress is already peeping through in a nearby field, ploughed by a tractor.

The second part is the trip to Ankara. The father and three of his sons are taking their sheep to the city, hoping to get a price high enough to see them through the winter. This hellish journey, in which you can practically smell the stench of the animals cooped up in four trucks, dying because the vans were not cleaned after being fumigated, with the four men set upon by bandits, robbed by pimps and whores, seems to go on forever. This is not accidental or a fault in the construction of the film. It is supposed to give you the feeling of the distance separating Anatolia from the capital, and the chasm between them. Throughout this trip, the mighty lord of the desert, who in his own tent enjoyed at least the illusion of being absolute master of his fate, is gradually reduced to the position of a raw hick, slowly realizing that all his screaming and cursing only works against him.

Finally, the third episode is the city itself. Crowded, noisy, incomprehensible, it presents the shepherds with a totally alien society. Here they are helpless victims, their primitiveness and ignorance leading them straight to failure and despair.

At this point, and at this point only, Guney sins by stepping out of character. For up to now, every detail has been absolutely authentic, a real, painful portrayal of people caught in a clash of different worlds, powerless to do anything for themselves and with almost no hope of bridging the gap. But, possibly because at this period in his life Guney already considered himself more than a film-maker, he seems to feel like a political figure with the need to trumpet slogans. He starts preaching through the mouth of an adolescent relative in the city, talking about class struggle and political strife, and it all sounds strangely phoney in this context. For the tragedy of Guney's protagonists is way beyond the realm of politics; it is possibly one of the most serious problems of our time.

The shepherds are nothing if not representatives of that awakening Third World which is asked to take in one generation a flying leap over hundreds of years of evolution, and when it cannot manage it, is usually given up as a lost cause. Nevertheless, in spite of the preachy sequences near the end, *The Herd* stands up as a powerful, shattering experience. It is like a slap in the face of the West, and in this case, the West is Turkey too, and the story does not have to leave the country in order to make its point.

Seeing it, you may feel like going up to the screen and shaking every one of the characters out of his lethargy or stubbornness or sheer stupidity, for which they are not to

blame but to which they infuriatingly submit. Alternatively, you may feel like walking away disgusted with the whole situation. Significantly, the West has tried both approaches and failed. Maybe something new should be invented.

IF YOU FEEL like going back into old-fashioned Western tradition after all this, to meet the kind of people you encounter in your everyday life, thinking more or less the same way as you do and aspiring to the same things, in the same system of emotional and material values, you might consider sampling Claude Sautet's *Garçon* (Walter).

Not that this is a film for all tastes. After all, when the average age of a film audience is under 30, it is an act of courage to make a film about an ageing man whose calling is as unexciting as waiting at tables. It is even braver, considering that none of the character's features is exceptional, none of his achievements astounding, and none of his limitations remarkable. He is just a typical, lower-middle-class man with a typical lower-middle-class mentality, who has arrived at the point where he more or less accepts his age, his limitations, his past failures (he was once a vaudeville dancer) and his present social status. His most ambitious dream is to turn a strip of beach inherited from his father, into an amusement park for the summer months. That and nothing more.

Sautet, once a script-doctor who, over the years has become the main exponent of the French middle-class spirit, fails here exactly with what was once his specialty: the script. It is rather thin, which wouldn't be so terrible if he didn't go for the easiest solution every time his hero is faced with a problem. This is most evident when he has to raise the money for his amusement park. It is only thanks to the magnanimity of the script-writers (Jean-Loup Dabadie collaborated with Sautet on this one), that he manages to get his hands on the necessary funds, a transparent subterfuge, that is enough to make any professional blush.

But, for a change, this film is recommended not for its plot, but for the attractive details surrounding it. The real pleasure is in watching Yves Montand, as Alex, plying his trade in a busy Parisian restaurant, relating to his colleagues at work, starting, and accepting the end, of autumnal romances, coming to terms with his own position and standing. The deft use of camera and scissors keep the story moving pleasantly, the cast tones down its actions to be as simple as possible. The piece exudes camaraderie (Sautet is a past master at this), and there are some very nice touches that indicate the sort of film we are in. For instance, there is a couple in the restaurant in the early stages of the film, lovingly holding hands as Montand waits on them. They reappear later several times, and their table manners are a little plot in themselves, never infringing or imposing on the main story, but serving as one of its minute reflections.

Montand himself is, as usual, totally immersed in his part, building it up from the smallest details, a consummate waiter moving with the lithe charm of a former dancer (he is familiar with such characters from his music-hall act), applying a slightly faded, awkward charm, to extricate himself from tight corners, and enjoying life for what it is.

This film doesn't generate any great excitement. Rather, it is like a bath of warm, pleasant humanity, of faith in unpretentious people. If events haven't yet turned you into an inveterate cynic, you may enjoy it. □

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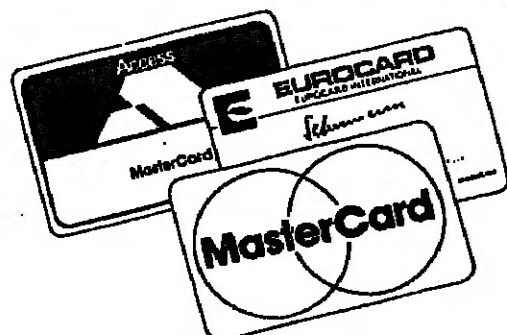
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TAKE A LOOK at the little blue Israeli airmail sticker and you'll get an idea of what Yonatan Karmon has created in one of his new works for the current programme of his company. He calls it *To Survive* and has based his choreography on the deer of Israel - animals threatened with extinction through the ages but always reappearing.

Unable to attend the performance at the Jerusalem Theatre on September 19 or tomorrow night (the 22nd) I went to Tel Aviv to watch a rehearsal. Danced on the floor of an indoor basketball gymnasium and without the adjuncts (or distractions) of decor or costume, the work was still dramatically exciting.

Karmon has set it to Mendelssohn music which enhances the movements of the dancers as they soar into the air - leaping forward with one leg bent, like deer skipping over hills. There is indication of locking of horns, pursuit of females, and even a whiff of a faunish afternoon - but the work is human to the core, thrilling.

For *The Aura of Envy*, inspired by the story of Joseph and his brethren (but not really a "story ballet") he uses piano music by Paul Ben-Haim, again beautifully linked to the action. The aggressiveness of the brothers is powerfully expressed - 10 men moving in macho formations with tremendous drive.

The Persecuted, to Mahler music, reflects the struggles of a man harassed by the feelings - perhaps of guilt or moral inadequacy - highly emotional and strongly dramatic. Indeed, it is characteristic of Karmon's creative vein that he can turn inner conflict into dramatic dance.

He is unique among Israeli choreographers in another way. Whatever the theme or nature of the dance, the ethnic element is always present. He says: "You don't have to be Polish to play Chopin, and you don't have to be Jewish to like rye bread," and his creations have wide appeal, as his eight-night "season" at the Lincoln Centre in New York showed earlier this year. Yet he remains unmistakably Israeli; and the music he chooses, whether Israeli or not, somehow takes on a Jewish strain.

With these qualities, Karmon has added a new facet to Israeli dance - and dance in Israel.

ELAINE V. SIEGEL is an American dance-movement therapist, psychoanalytically trained in remedial methods of psychosomatic illness. Three years ago she gave an impressive two-week course in dance therapy at Haifa University. She then described what she teaches and directs in various institutes and colleges and in private practice. Now a book of hers has been published entitled *Dance-Movement Therapy*, with two sub-titles: "Mirror of Our Selves" and "The Psychoanalytical Approach" (New York, Human Sciences Press. Paperback, 245 pp., \$14.95).

This book is not for those who run and read. It is an academic work, mostly in the clinical jargon meant for the initiated. Though Siegel has been a successful playwright, the style here is thick with words like abreaction, nosology, motility and conceptualization (the latter now an integral part of the politician's vocabulary). She never speaks of a patient but of a "client." Where she discussed her approach, based on psychoanalytical authorities, particularly Freud, and her own experience, the going is heaviest, but her writing eases up as she proceeds.

In the later chapters, when she discusses the potentials of dance therapy and describes some cases, the work takes on more general interest. Yet this remains a book that

Fawning over fawns



DANCE Dora Sowden



can be of most use to dance therapists, even a valuable textbook.

Dr. Siegel has had a dancer's training, as all dance-movement therapists must, and she tells how, when "drained" by efforts with difficult clients, she takes a dance class or does a "simple exercise on the ballet barre" in her studio.

"What makes dance-movement therapy a vehicle for in-depth intervention," she writes, "is the fact that it can be employed to recover memories, to dissolve resistances and to bring transferences to the surface."

She explains that the American Psychoanalytic Association defines transference as "the displacement of patterns of feelings and behaviour, originally experienced with significant figures of one's childhood, to individuals in one's current relationships...a repetition...of attitudes, fantasies and emotions of love, hate, anger, etc." She stresses that dance-therapy "is not a mere derivation of any verbal psychotherapy. It has its own origin in dance."

FOR THERAPISTS, Dr. Siegel advocates training not only in dance but also in choreography - and in

classical ballet more than in modern dance. She says: "classic dance...tames the motor drive under the direction of the conscious self" and "modern dance, despite its great expressiveness, does not always aspire to such consciousness."

The barre, she has found, often helps clients to come to terms with their sexuality, which is part of their struggle in treatment situations. "Incorporating one's genitals into the body image," she says, "is the most complex step in development." Classical dance insistence on "clarity of line and placement" can be of the greatest help in building the body image.

In the treatment of disturbed people, movement must go with speech (motility with verbalization). "We live in and through our bodies," she says, but speech "as expression and communication" has to be included.

There are dangers for therapists too. On one occasion, she was almost thrown out of a high-floor window. At another time, she has been so pushed as to "fly clear across the room."

Yet in the cases she cites, her wisdom and winsomeness came through as impressively as her ways in the tortuous paths of helping human beings to find a direction in their lives.

Perhaps the most moving paragraph is the one in which she tells of those "who need to be rocked no matter how 'grown-up' they are."

She writes: "I have held and rocked grandmothers whose lives had deprived them of all they loved until they themselves became helpless infants in hospitals. I have rocked veterans of two wars whose martial deeds had haunted them into denial of reality and I have rocked little children who were finally ready to accept an other-than-self in their universe." But, she warns: what they need is empathy, not sympathy, from the therapists.

It is regrettable that such a serious work should be so full of printing errors, which are both irritating and obstructive.



Programme notes

SEPTEMBER is the last opportunity to subscribe to musical season series. It is therefore appropriate to postpone my report on the Helsinki Festival - which this year prominently featured Soviet music and musicians - and devote this column to some of the possibilities.

The Jerusalem Theatre gives you a wide choice of cultural events - theatre, dance, music - with some discount until the end of this month. In addition to Theatre and dance programmes, there are six musical series from which to make a choice.

□ Gold, for 10 Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra concerts (seven symphony, one operatic (*Rigoletto*), one Bach-Mozart, plus Mozart's *Requiem*);

□ Silver, for six JSO concerts (two Bach/Mozart programmes, one operatic (*Rigoletto*), Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus*, two symphony concerts). These will always take place on Wednesday and Thursday.

□ The Israel Sinfonietta, Beersheba, will give four programmes. This subscription includes one open ticket for any other event at the theatre, and another ticket for either the Handel oratorio or Mozart's *Requiem* at Binyanei Ha'uma.

□ The Camerun Singers will give six concerts with Israeli and guest choirs from abroad plus there will also be a bonus ticket for one of the Binyanei Ha'uma concerts.

□ The Israel Chamber Orchestra invites you to five concerts with guest choirs from abroad and the Bat-Sheva Dance Company, plus two *capella* concerts of choirs from Holland and Germany at the Dormition Abbey on Mount Zion, plus a special programme, "Bach and His Sons."

□ A Young People's Subscription offers four tickets for a theatre, music or dance performance, plus one open ticket for any event.

Subscriptions until the end of the month are about 15 per cent cheaper than the list prices, which will come into operation on October 1.

MUSIC & MUSICIANS Yohanan Boehm

As a new venture, the Israel Broadcasting Authority, in cooperation with the Jerusalem Theatre, will present a new series of about 15 chamber music concerts, twice monthly on Sunday nights, for which theatre subscribers will be entitled to a 50 per cent discount.

THE ISRAEL Sinfonietta, Beersheba, with Mendi Rodan as chief conductor and musical director, will present most interesting programmes in the coming season. After giving each of their 10 subscription programmes four times at home, they will repeat nine in Jerusalem, three in Tel Aviv, four in Ashdod, three in Kfar Sava, and one at Kibbutz Ein Hashofet. Special events include a Handel Marathon, a Kurt Weill Evening, a programme of Schubert and Strauss dances, in arrangements by Schoenberg and Webern, a series of popular classics and a series of youth concerts.

The Israel Chamber Orchestra, now under the musical leadership of Yoav Talmi, is mounting a very ambitious programme: It will give eight concerts at the Tel Aviv Museum, each repeated three times: The tercentenary of Bach's birth will be celebrated in six concerts at the Tel Aviv Museum, and repeated twice. A series of eight concerts, "Tones and Voices," will be given in Jerusalem and Haifa. A number of youth and family concerts are also planned.

The Camerun Singers have assembled six programmes of vocal music, throughout the ages, to be presented twice in the Tel Aviv Museum, and in Jerusalem (once at the Theatre and one at the YMCA Auditorium) and in Kfar Sava and Beersheba.

The Herzliya Chamber Orchestra

directed by Harvey Bordowitz, opened its fourth season last week with a festive concert at the residence of the American ambassador. This year it is offering five concerts for the price of four (the equivalent of \$24). Fighting for recognition in its home town, its closeness to Tel Aviv, with its great musical attractions, makes it difficult to win a place in the sun, but it deserves all the local support it can get.

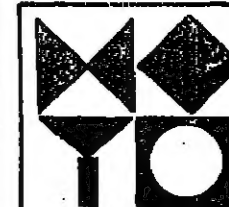
A REQUEST has been made to the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, to open its dress rehearsals for free to those who cannot afford the prices and because of the difficulty of getting tickets. The initiative comes from Tel Aviv's Deputy Mayor Natan Wolloch, who addressed his request to Mayor Shlomo Lahat, and Daniel Benyamini of the IPO management. No decision has yet been made.

The Tel Aviv Philharmonic Choir, directed by Michael Shani, has left for eight concerts in Germany, at the invitation of the Municipality of Frankfurt/Main. The choir, which appears in Israel exclusively in cooperation with orchestras in major works, has prepared an *capella* programme, ranging over 400 years, based on biblical texts.

Among the composers are Schein, Poulenc, Ginastera, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Paul Ben-Haim, Yehizkel Braun, Haim Alexander and Aharon Harlap. As a volume premier, the choir will present a poem of the Lebanese poet Arslan El-Haj, with music by Tzipi Fleisher, to be sung in the original Arabic.

The Haifa Symphony Orchestra, on their first visit to Europe under the direction of its chief conductor and musical director Urs Schneider, continues to win success at every performance. Starting in Corsica, they went to France, for appearances in Marseilles, Cannes, and Besancon. Before returning home they will also have visited Switzerland, Belgium and Germany.

This Week in Israel • The JERUSALEM MUSEUMS



this week
at
the israel museum
jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

THE ARMAND HAMMER COLLECTION: FIVE CENTURIES OF MASTERPIECES
Ninety outstanding European and American paintings and drawings, from 16th-20th centuries. Includes works by: Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, Michelangelo, Raphael, Goya, Casanova, Gauguin, van Gogh and Picasso. Courtesy of the Armand Hammer Foundation and Occidental Petroleum Corp. (Floresheer Pavilion)

David Tartakover - Producer of Israel
A selection of works on cultural, social and political subjects created over the past ten years by this Israeli graphic designer. From Sept. 25.



Sir John Everett Millais (1829-96)
"Call of Heron"

Plastine - children's works on show, plus activity corner (Ruth Youth Wing)
Serep - crating home theatre sets and greeting cards (Ruth Youth Wing)
12 Pages from the Cairo Geniza
Permanent collection of Judaism, Art and Archaeology

SPECIAL EXHIBITS:

Sephardic Jews of the Ottoman Empire - in honor of Mr. Jacques Levy
The Abood Mortar - a bronze mortar for grinding drugs used in 17th century Italy

A Masterpiece of Greek Pottery - a giant kylix of the late 8th century

ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM:

Egypt - The Other Side of the River: funerary objects from Ancient Egypt

TICHO HOUSE:

Works by Anna Ticho, Hanukka lamps collected by Dr. Ticho, library and garden cafe.

EVENTS

SPECIAL SCREENING

Saturday, September 22 at 21.00
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (Algeria 1986) - French with Hebrew subtitles.
Dir.: Gillo Pontecorvo; with Jean Martin, Yusef Saadi.

CHILDREN'S FILM

Sun., September 23 & Mon., September 24 at 16.30
THE SMURFS (Animated film with Hebrew dubbing)

FILM

Tuesday, September 25 at 18.00 and 20.30
LA NOTTE DI SAN LORENZO (Italy 1981)
Dir.: Paolo & Vittorio Taviani; with Omro Antonutti, Margarita Lozano

GALLERY TALK

Tuesday, September 25 at 18.15
THE ARMAND HAMMER COLLECTION
with Amelyah Zipkin, curator of the exhibition

SPECIAL SCREENING

Saturday, September 22 at 21.00
THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT
Dir.: Peter Greenaway; with Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman

RUTH YOUTH WING

Registration now taking place for children's classes for the 1984/5 school year, and for Art Courses for Adults. For further details please call (02) 633278.

Recycling project is open Sunday and Monday from 16.00-17.00 (Tuesday 16.00-20.00). The project encourages creative use of waste materials. PRINT YOUR OWN NEW YEAR CARD

Storytelling hour for children aged 4-8. Tuesday, September 25 at 16.00

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH

Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed. at 11.00; also Sun. at 16.00; Tues. at 16.30
Archaeology Galleries - special tour: Monday at 16.00
Shrine of the Book - Special tour: Tuesday at 16.00
No special tours of the Rockefeller Museum or Judaica Galleries this week.

VISITING HOURS

Museum - Galleries and Shrine of the Book: Sun., Mon. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-22.00 (Shrine 10.00-23.00); Sat. 10.00-14.00
Library: Sun., Mon. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Galleries Study Room: Sun., Mon. 11.00-13.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun. 13.00-13.00; Tues. 13.00-17.00
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues. 10.00-17.00; Sat. 10.00-14.00
Ticho House - Galleries: Sun., Mon. 10.00-16.30; Tues. 10.00-22.30
Garden cafe: Sun., Mon., Tues. 10.00-midnight.

SPECIAL VISITING HOURS FOR ROSH HASHANA:

Wednesday, September 26: 10.00-14.00
Thursday, September 27: closed
Friday, September 28: closed
Saturday, September 29: 10.00-14.00

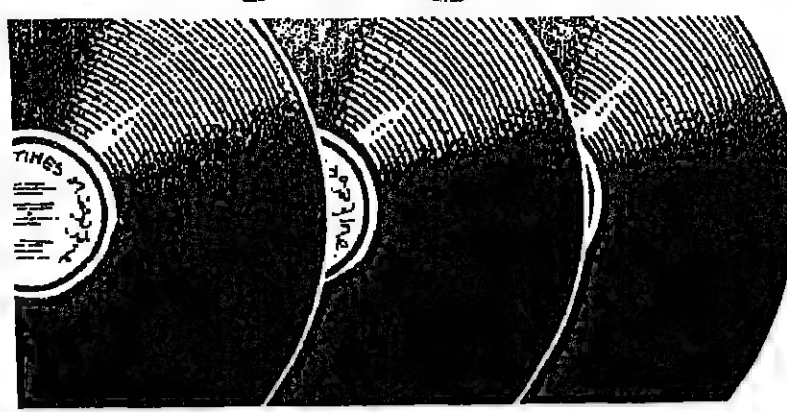
Some galleries may be closed temporarily due to development work.

EASTRONICS may well be walking on the wild side in releasing Lou Reed's latest album *New Sensations* in Israel. For Reed, one of the most unpredictable rock artists in the '60s and '70s, does not enjoy here the small but devout following he had in England and the U.S.

When everyone in the '60s was getting high, and the Beatles and acid rock bands were spreading the message of universal love, drugs, sex and rock'n'roll, Lou Reed (then in the Underground Velvet band) sang of alienation, death and perversion. Ironically, what sounded pretty weird then began to sound very contemporary when punk set in the next decade.

Produced and influenced by David Bowie, Reed's *Transformer* album in 1972 unleashed a closetful of twilight-zone characters, quite the in thing at the time. The album's smash single, "Walking on the Wild Side," (about the perverse, sleazy side of New York) was, strangely enough, played even on BBC Radio.

Swaying Reed



ROCK, ETC./Michal Yudelman

Presumably, nobody there knew what "giving head" meant. After a number of commercial flops, *New Sensations* is quite a comeback, the off-beat, half-talking, half-singing observations of the des-

perate old Lou Reed merging with a new, tough but vulnerable optimism, accompanied by some old-fashioned background vocals.

I especially liked "High in the City," perhaps because it resembles "Wild Side" so much, and the title track, which is a complete turnabout from his old pessimistic, twisted persona.

ANOTHER collection of warm, oily love ballads by Julio Iglesias - in English this time - on the album *1100 Bel Air Place* (CBS) is bound to nauseate rockers and excite all you undercover romantics. So get ready to drool over some of the corniest Latin-Italian numbers you ever heard.

You have to hear them to believe them: "When I Fall In Love" in Iglesias's sexy Spanish accent; "All Of You," a duet with Diana Ross, "The Air That I Breathe," a duet with the Beach Boys (bet you didn't expect that one!) and others. But my favourite is "To All the

Girls I've Loved Before," a duet with Willy Nelson, whose gravelly, country voice sounds most incongruous beside Julio's well-greased one.

ELLA FITZGERALD'S *The Best Is Yet To Come* (Eastronics) is a miscellaneous collection of vintage songs ranging from two decades ago ("Somewhere In The Night") to more than half a century ago ("You're Driving Me Crazy"). Her jazz renditions of pop, rock and jazz songs, some of which she has recorded before in different versions, are superb, her magnificent voice immediately drawing the listener into the melancholy atmosphere she creates.

The album is produced by Norman Grant, who took over the guidance of Fitzgerald's recording career in 1956 and released her from commercial pressures. Includes "Autumn In New York," "Deep Purple," and "God Bless the Child."

New faces on the screen

ONE OF THE side-benefits of general elections for us viewers is that we get change of face on our screens, as we do when a new serial starts. "Change of face" is a bit of an overstatement this time: it is more a change of pace, as there are few newcomers in any of the parties. But, though the faces will all be easily identifiable, we are at least going to see less of some that have become boring, more of others that previously we saw far too seldom.

The most important physiognomy that is going to dominate the box is, of course, that of Prime Minister Shimon Peres. When Oscar Wilde met somebody named Smith who claimed to know him well, Wilde commented that the name was familiar, but the face escaped him. This does not apply to Shimon, whose visage has been around ever since we first got television. But it has never been given the top slot that it will occupy for the next 25 months.

Perhaps I am imagining things, but it seems to me that the Premier's appearance has already undergone a radical transformation, like Mr. Hyde becoming Dr. Jekyll. He always used to look as lean and hungry as Cassius; he appeared worried about everything, apprehensive, long-nosed, rather like Woody Allen. Since his dream came true and he became boss man, his face looks plumper, his nose is less like that of an eagle, he smiles more, and he oozes the self-confidence of a Clint Eastwood.

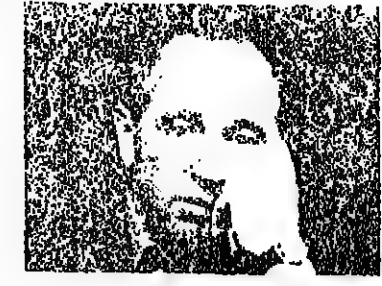
His style of oratory has also altered. He used to divide his speeches into five points, each having three to five sub-points, with all of which he used to deal cogently and apprehensively. The result was an intellectual treat rather than emotional empathy. Since he has at last assumed the mantle of his beloved mentor, David Ben-Gurion, he appears to be speaking with more passion and eloquence. I personally always liked his flawless logic, but it did not have a mass appeal.

Way back in 1959, when he first stood for the Knesset, I heard him address a public meeting in Ashkelon, and I told everyone prepared to listen that some day he would be prime minister. I must admit that I made the same prophecy during the same campaign about Moshe Dayan and Abba Eban, and also forecast that Menachem Begin would never lead the nation. At least, I scored 25 per cent as a prophet.

When Yitzhak Navon re-entered politics, after a period in purdah following the end of his presidency, I thought that Peres should stand down for him, so that he could garner thousands of Sephardi votes. Peres refused to do so, a refusal that was understandable, as he had waited so long and so hungrily for power. Now that he has got it, at least for 25 months, he has started to relax - again, I judge by what I see on the screen.

This often happens in human affairs: somebody who wants something with all his being, like the students in *Fame* being briefed by Miss Grant, tends to get it eventually, but not on a silver platter. When their travail is rewarded, they rejoice in the human race.

Venturing once again into the prophecy business, I hereby go on to record that Peres is going to develop a great television personality, and that he will become an inspiring speaker on our screens. There is one collection of features that is going to appear on TV far



TELEREVIEW
Philip Gillon

more than I want to see it; in fact, I would have preferred this particular face to initiate the Cheshire Cat and disappear completely. No names, no pack drill; but you can guess whom I mean when I write that there is no country in all history that is as forgiving as modern Israel. We have reached a national consensus that we have to get the hell out of Lebanon, with nothing whatsoever to show on the credit side for the waste of nearly 600 lives and billions of dollars; and yet the man who planned and executed this disaster has been given a top job. Verily, we do not only write backwards, we do everything in the wrong direction.

THE FACES may be comparatively new, but the cars are very, very familiar. One of the zaniest sights we have ever seen on television was the shot of the assembly of automobiles for the first meeting of the cabinet, in a space obviously designed for a pitifully small number of ministers' vehicles. As Volvo jostled Volvo for *Lehmanns*, they looked like a troop of elephants gathered at a water-hole in darkest Africa.

Having so many ministers, deputy ministers, directors-general, personal secretaries, ordinary secretaries, typists and chauffeurs is going to create many logistic problems, quite apart from the need for parking-spaces for their cars. When the full cabinet meets, they will require a vast round table, like that used by King Arthur and his knights. The layout of the Knesset will have to be altered to distinguish them from the minority of MKs who hold no posts.

Perhaps the time is opportune to introduce a two-chamber legislature, like that of the Americans: the ministers and deputy ministers could become senators. Or, better still, we should revive my old dream of a House of Lords, with full ministers becoming dukes, and deputy ministers earls. I am quite prepared to be a rotating king for 25 months, with some princes to take my place in due course.

WE HAD all too brief a glimpse of Abba Eban as speaker: it would have revolutionized the Knesset if he had been given the job forever. Poor Shlomo Hillel, taking over from the majestic Eban, cut a rather sad figure: he lacked not only Eban's august appearance, but also his wit and his knowledge.

A critic of television critics, whose opinion is occasionally respected, has urged me to mount a campaign to get Eban as president when Chaim Herzog finishes his term of office. The present president has not put a toe wrong: on several critical issues, such as sending for Peres to form a government of national unity, barring his door to Rabbi Kahane, and visiting Nazareth in defiance of the unspeakable Northern District Commissioner, Israel Koenig, he has given the nation a noble lead. So,

says my critic, the presidency should become an Anglo-Saxon preserve. But I still dream of seeing Eban back in the Foreign Office.

One of the great developments in our politics is that we now have a powerful tennis lobby. President Herzog, Knesset Speaker Shlomo Hillel, Minister of Defence Yitzhak Rabin, Histadrut Director-General Yisrael Kessar, leader of the opposition Shulamit Aloni - why, we can have the whole nation on the strings of our rackets. With such a power bloc, the time has come to drive and smash for our rights. We demand rackets and balls free, TV coverage of all matches (we still have not been shown the American Open semi-finals) and grants to enable us to concentrate on tennis with the fervour of an *Aguda yeshiva* student.

GOVERNMENTS come and governments go, but one thing they have in common: they're all out to get me. Why the vast resources of the Ministry of Finance should be concentrated on catching so unimportant a person as myself bending, I cannot fathom, but there is abundant evidence that this is the case. On the fourth day of its existence, the new government, half of which is composed of people of whom I approve, showed that it is carrying on this evil tradition of persecuting Philip Gillon.

Exhausted by the labours and tennis of a long day, on Sunday, September 16, I sat down in front of my screen, hoping to receive my nightly anodyne from my good old friend, the box. *The Pop* was not exactly tranquillizing, but it was not disturbing, and there was some very good camera-work to titillate my interest.

Then came the news. The new Minister of Finance, Mr. Yitzhak Moda'i, announced a devaluation of 9 per cent and a 9 per cent increase in the price of gasoline. From a prone position, I nearly jumped out of my skin, let alone my chair.

How did he know that I had put the few shekels I possess into Tapas instead of black market dollars? Who had told him that my petrol tank was empty, and that I planned to fill it the following morning? Which of his agents is keeping such diligent tabs on all my miscalculations? Why is he doing it? What harm have I ever done him? Why are they out to get me, harmless me, who never hurt a fly, at least, not much?

THIS WEEK, *Reserve Duty* reminded me of an incident in Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*. A whole crowd of people gather to hear a *lied* in German, though they don't know the language. Some students tell the apprehensive culture-vultures not to worry, the students know German, it's a comic song, all the audience need to do is follow their example and laugh when they laugh. They duly do so, much to the consternation of the singer, as the song is really not comic at all, but tragic, all about the sailors drowning and what have you.

So with me. Having maneuvered myself somehow or other into the position of defending *Reserve Duty* against the world, I duly laughed uproariously at the efforts of the *hebra* to get leave, and then to avenge themselves on Benny, who outplayed them all. It transpired that he had sneaked the leave to go to hospital for an examination for a brain tumour. I tell you, it was hilarious.

This Week in Israel Th

TEL AVIV MUSEUMS

Beth Hatefutsoth

The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Special visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Tues. 10 am-5 pm, Wed., Sept. 28, Rosh Hashana eve and Thurs., Sept. 27, Rosh Hashana, the museum is closed. The Museum is closed on Fridays and Saturdays. Children under 8 are not admitted. Organized tours must be pre-arranged (9 am-1 pm, Sun.-Thurs., 03-425161) Photo Archive: Sun., Thurs. 9.30 am-12.30 pm; Tues. 9.30 am-2.30 pm. Permanent Exhibit and Chronosphere. The main aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora, presented through the most advanced graphic and audio-visual techniques.

- EXHIBITIONS
1. "The story of the Jews in Hungary"
 2. "To Save a World"
 3. American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (AJDC) 1914-1984
 4. "The Enigma of the Calvario Menorah"
- JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
- "The Heiress" Starring: Lili Monori, Isabelle Huppert, Jan Nowicki. Directed by Marta Meszaros. The film is in French with Hebrew subtitles. Sunday, September 23 at 8.30 pm. Admission fee: IS760; for members of Friends Association: IS600. Courtesy of: **bank leumi** בנק לאומי

For sale at Beth Hatefutsoth. A special calendar for the New Year illustrated with "Shana Tova" cards from the beginning of the century. Designed by Hayim Shayer. Price: IS1750. The calendar may be purchased at the sales desk at the Museum. For mail order please write to: Beth Hatefutsoth, Public Relations Dept., P.O.B. 38359, Tel Aviv 61392. Please add to your order a check, payable to Beth Hatefutsoth for the exact amount.

"Scrolls of Fire" A special display of the silkscreen (serigraph) edition of *Scrolls of Fire*. Texts: Abba Kovner, Paintings: Dan Reisinger. The silkcreens are signed and numbered in pencil by the artist. Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat Aviv. Tel. (03) 425161. Buses: 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 79, 74, 274, 672. SHANA TOVA

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Slim and none

BRIDGE / Hanan Sher

DECLARER had two chances to bring home today's contract of five diamonds — slim and none. He took the better of them and was fortunate to land the prize.

Here's the deal and the bidding:

North: A 10 5, J 5, 8 6 4 3, Q J 5 3. South: Q J 9, Q, A 5 2, A K 10 7 2. West: A K 6 4, 10 6 4 2, K Q J 9 8, 6. East: A 7 3 2, A K 9 8 7 3, 10, 9 4.

THE OPENING LEAD was the king of diamonds, won by South's ace. At first glance, there appeared to be four potential losers — two

discarding his second diamond from hand. Thus was the contract made by taking the slim chance, the only one available.

Here is the full hand:

North: A 10 5, J 5, 8 6 4 3, Q J 5 3. South: Q J 9, Q, A 5 2, A K 10 7 2. West: A K 6 4, 10 6 4 2, K Q J 9 8, 6. East: A 7 3 2, A K 9 8 7 3, 10, 9 4.

BRIDGE NOTES. Teams captained by veteran internationalists Moshe Katz and David Birman are among the semi-finalists in the State Cup competition. One of the semi-final will be played Friday at the Jerusalem Bridge Centre, with Katz meeting a team from the capital captained by Asher Axelrod.



CHESS
Eliahu Shahaif

Problem No. 3191
Y. AFEK, G. COSTEFF, Israel
Shahmat, 1983



White to play and win (5-3)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3189 (Hoch). 1. - e2 Kd2 a1Q! 3.Ra1 Kb2 4.Ra2! Kb3! 5.Kc1 Ka2 6.Kc2 Ka1 7.Nd2, and wins. (7. - Ka2 8.Ne4(f3) Ka1 9.Ne5 (d4) Ka2 10.Nd3(c2) Ka1 11.Nc1 a2 12.Nb3x).

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS
RONEN LEV, 18, of Hod Hasharon is the new Israeli Junior Champion. He captured the first place in the junior finals (players under 20)

which took place in Afula. The winner garnered 7 points out of 9 games. Tied second were Ilan Manor of Kiryat Haim and Yona Kusanvili of Ashdod, both 15, who garnered 6 points. They were followed by former Israeli Junior Champion Moshe Fiernik and Yitzhak Ben-Menahem of Hod Hasharon, 5 1/2 points each. The outgoing champion, Ofer Bruk of Tel Aviv, did not participate.

The national championship for players under 14 was won by Yonon Boim of Petah Tikva with 7 1/2 points out of 9 games. The runner-up of the event was Alon Elhanati of Holon, with 6 1/2 points.

WORLD JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP
KURT HANSEN of Denmark won the World Junior Championship which took place in Helsinki. Israel representative, Gadi Reklis of Beersheba, tied for the 6th place with 8 points out of 13 games. Reklis was accompanied by his coach, Israel champion Alon Grinfeld. Participating in the event were 34 players from 32 countries. The field included two players from the USSR as well as the outgoing champion, Kiril Georgiev of Bulgaria.

CAPABLANCA MEMORIAL
GM RAINER KNAAK of East Germany and GM Amador Rodriguez of Cuba shared first place in the Premier 1 group of the Capablanca

Memorial, held in Cienfuegos, scoring 8 1/2-4 1/2. Soviet IM Yuri Agzamov, who at 2570 is the world's highest rated IM, failed to live up to advance billing, and tied for third with G. Garcia and R. Vern. In the Premier II group, Cuban GM Jesus Nogueira was an easy winner, scoring 9-4 to post a 1 1/2 point margin over IM Stefano Tatai of Italy and IM Ghinda of Rumania.

TOSHKOVA
1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 c5 3.d5 b5 4.Qc2 b4 5.e4 d6 6.b4 g6 7.Nd3 Bg7 8.0-0-0 9.Nc3 Nbd7 10.Bf4 Rb8 11.Rfe1 Nh5 12.Bg5 Re8 13.h3 Qa5 14.Bd2 Ne5 15.Ne5 Be5 16.Ne2 Qb6 17.Rab1 Ba6 18.h3 Bc4 19.b4 Qa6 20.Rb3 Nf6? (A serious mistake, after which the Black king will lack protection. Preferable was 20. - Rb3 to continue with - Bg7 and - Nf6) 21.f4! Bd4 22.Nd4 c4 23.e5! Nd7 24.e6 Nc5 25.e7 Kf7 26.f5! (A courageous decision. The attack is certainly promising and Knaak, already short of time, makes things easy for his opponent) 26. - d3? 27.f6 g6 28.Rf1 Kg7 29.Qb2. Black resigns.

An interesting endgame occurred in the game Fernandez-Agzamov which came to the following position after Black's 24th move:
White (Fernandez) - Kg2; Rb7; Nb6; Pa2, b3, c4, f2, g3, h2. (9)
Black (Agzamov) - Kg8; Rcb; Bb6; Pa6, c5, c6, f7, g7, h7. (9)

Fernandez, who had already refused a draw offer, is holding a clear advantage. The game continued -
25.Nd7 g5 26.Kf3 Kg7 27.Ke2 h5 28.a4 a5 29.Ra7 Bc7 30.Ra8! Kg6 31.Rc8.

Can you imagine Black winning this position? It would be unfair to hope for a better position than White has.

31. - f6 32.h3 g4 33.hg4 hg4 34.f3 e5 35.fg5 e4 36.Rc8 Bg3 37.Rc4 Kf7 38.Rc3 Bc7 39.Rd3? Allow the Black king to get closer to the knight. Correct was 39.Kf3 Bc6 (39. - Bd8 40.Re1 Bc7 41.Re2 Bd8 42.Kf4 with the idea of Kf5, and Black can only resist a little longer, or 40. - Bc7 41.g5 with the threat of 42.g6) 40.Ke4! Ke6 41.Nf6! Kf6 42.Kd5 winning.

39. - Ke6 40.Rd5?? Bb6! And suddenly there is no way out for the knight. According to Gufeld, 41.Rd6! offered very good chances for a draw. Instead Fernandez played 41.Nf6? (the third mistake in a row) and ended up losing the game even though he put up a long resistance.

BRILLIANT TOUCH
White - Kc1; Qe4; Rf1; Be4; Nd5; Pa2, b2, c2, e5, g4, h2. (11)
Black - Kh8; Qe6; Rc5; Rf8; Ne8; Pa6, b7, f6, g7, h7. (10)
1.Nf6! Rf6 2.eff Qe4 3.f7 h6 4.f8Q Kh7 5.Bg8 Kg6 6.Qf7 Kg5 7.Qb5x. (Tal-NN, simultaneous performance, 1983.)

COUP DE
White - Kc1; Qd2; Rb2; Nd7; Pa3, b3, c2, f4, g2, h2. (11)
Black - Kg8; Qb5; Rb8; Ra8; Nb4; Pa6, e6, f7, g7, h6. (11)
to play.
1. - Qa5! and White resigned in view of 2.Kb2 Rd7 3.ab (3.Qd7 Bf6 4.c3 Bc3 5.Ke3 Nd5) 3. - Bf6, etc. (Vittman-Kristiansson, Correspondence game, 1976/77.)

ENDGAME FINESSE
White - Ke2; Ra1, Rd7; Pa5, b3, c4, e3, f2, g3. (9)
Black - Ke4; Ra6, Rg7; Pa7, c5, d6, e7, f5. (8)
1.b4! eb 2.f4! (threatening Ra1-d4x) 2. - Rc6 (2. - Rg3 3.Re7x, or 2. - Rh7 3.Re7! Re7 4.Rd1) 3.Rd1 Re4 4.Re7! Black resigns. (Keene-Mortensen, Aarhus, 1983.)

IN 1974 Czerniak tied with Liberzon for the first place in the national championship. Here is the fifth game of the play-off which was won by Liberzon.

V. LIBERZON M. CZERNIAK
1.e4 c6 2.d4 d5 3.Nc3 Nf6 4.e5 Nd7 5.f4 c5 6.Nf3 Nc6 7.Be3 Qb6 8.Na4 Qd5 9.c3 c4 10.b4 Nb4 11.c4 Bb5 12.Bd2 Bd2 13.Nd2 b6 14.Rd3 Bc5 15.Nc5 b5 16.0-0 g6 17.Rc1 Qb6 18.Rb1 Qc7 19.Qa4 Bd7 20.Bb5 e4 21.Nf3 d3 22.Bd7 Qd7 23.Qd7 Kd7 24.Rb7 Kc5 25.Rb1 Rd8 26.Rf7 d4 27.Rb4 Kc5 28.a3 Rb8 29.Ra7 c3 30.R7a4 e2 31.Rc4 Kd5 32.Rd4 Kc5 33. Rac4. Draw.

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Art and intellect

Edith Varga-Biro

THE RATIONAL FACTOR IN WORKS BY ISRAELI ARTISTS, exhibition catalogue by Reuven Berman, with a foreword by G. Tadmor. Haifa, Museum of Modern Art, Spring 1984. Bilingual. 90 pp. 25 plates (with colour). IS2,000.

A COOL AND clean-looking show which unites 25 well-known Israeli artists with an unusual common principle, chosen by painter-teacher-critic Reuven Berman, has opened at the Haifa Museum of Modern Art. Museum director Tadmor writes: "In order to be included in the exhibition, the work-of-art has to be based on a clear, ordered, systematic and preconceived structure" (in short: "rational"). The extensive catalogue is a kind of source-book on the subject, as it also contains, in addition to the articulated and comprehensive text by Berman, and future plans and thoughts about the exhibition by Tadmor, the credo of each participant.

Some of the artists selected include Agam, Berman, Hadany, Cohen-Gan, Mansfeld, Neustein, Peralta, Kadishman, Romberg and Buky Schwartz.

The artists' own notes are on an exceptionally high intellectual level. Some also offer opinions on contemporary art in general.

Among the Technion professors, we find the lucid explanations of Israel Prize winner Al Mansfeld, and a super-scientific dissertation by Michael Burt. Sculptor Israel Hadany gives credit to Dr. Zion Avital's theory of "Artonomy." According to Pinhas Kahel, "a delicate personal balance between rational-calculated and subjective-emotive" gives us the ingredients of a good work of art. Agam sees himself as a "Hebrew realist," since he draws his inspiration from the concept of Time, i.e. mortality, discovered first by Adam. "Time," he says, "is a Judaic concept, interconnected with reality," whereas foreign cultures believe in eternity. The wittiest statement is by Buky Schwartz, who deals in his "work with the one-dimensional interval between two-dimensions (painting) and three-dimensions (sculpture)." Arie Weiss describes his opto-kinetic work with poetical overtones. The only woman participant Ziva Lieh-Hah, writes of her sophisticated transition-process, and attempts to explain art-making as a joining of rational and mythical foundations to obtain the full meaning of experience. Mecha Hahn is refreshingly unpretentious; Gabi Benjano describes his methods elegantly. Among the painters, Reuven Berman confesses to his inner artistic needs, and describes past and present concerns; Osvaldo Romberg contends: "art must be evaluated for its effectiveness in achieving a cognitive goal, that is, the way it analyses, classifies, arranges and organizes." Even in this very cerebral company of fellow artists, I doubt if many would subscribe to this belief. Joshua Neustein in "A Clown's Logic and the Jewish Problem" gives expression to fears, that because of our "otherness" being destroyed by modernism, the "escape to Jewishness has been sealed off." Architect Zvi Hecker believes in "a new synthesis in the making," while for

Israel Hadany: one element from a System of Sculptures. 1983 Iron and Glass (Haifa Museum of Modern Art). The series is based on the application of principles of the "artonomy" theory developed by Dr. Zion Avital.

Pinhas Cohen Gan "art is a growing shallowness of thought and creativity."

The texts of the authors contain much too prolonged didactic introductions. Controversial points are not lacking. Berman writes: "Israeli art has a blind spot: a stubborn reluctance to openly grant rational thoughts and rational procedures a legitimate role of importance in art's creative processes." The partial aim of this exhibition is to change this situation, which seems to be particularly grave in painting, less in sculpture. In fact, among the 25 participants in this exhibition, only eight are principally painters.

Another contestable point is use of the word "rational" as the right term to characterize all the works in the exhibition. Since many of the writers attack this problem, there seems to be an overdose of philosophical and apologetic argumentation and redundancy.

Berman poses an interesting question: why has reason been removed to "a relatively peripheral" place in Israeli art? (It is difficult not to retort: "Well, where has it not, in Israel?") Among the partial causes he cites are the "vagaries of immigration," that brought here artists who were "oblivious to the Neoplasticism of Mondrian and the Concrete Art of Van Doesburg" and unaware of Rayonism, Suprematism and Constructivism.

He contradicts the contention, that the "Jewish Mind" has a "proclivity for romanticism and expressionism in the visual arts," seeing that significant constructivist artists (from Gabo and Pevsner to Lissitzky) were Jews. He even speculates what course Israeli art would have taken, had they immigrated to our shores...

Another responsible factor in Israeli anti-rationalism was the hostile French attitude, to which our artists were attuned in the "Paris Connection"; while the "New York Connection" somewhat enhanced the presence of the rational factor.

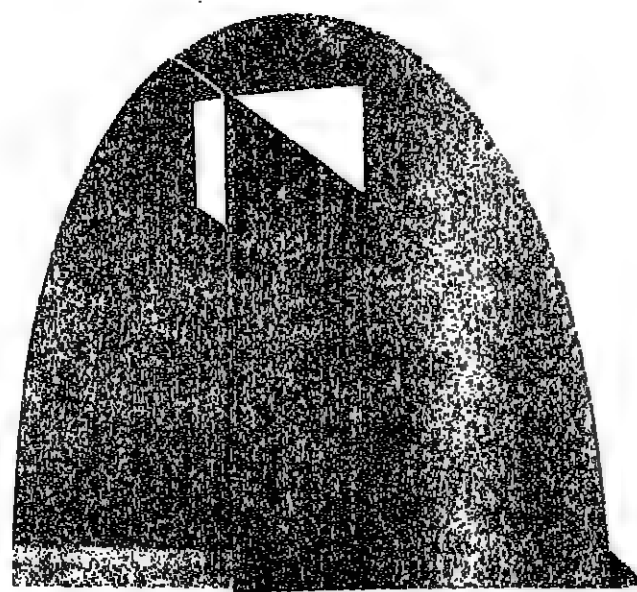
As a consequence, Israeli art-schools do not teach "in the structuralist spirit of inquiry" (with the exception of the Technion's Faculty of Architecture and design-schools).

Berman, in his probing, unaccountably ignores another potent cause for resisting rational art: the Holocaust experience (at least after 1945) so profoundly emotional and irrational that it imposed an art with similar traits, fervent in its desire to identify with a Jewish State.

This ambitious catalogue has accomplished more than it set out to do, asking fundamental questions of aesthetics and counterbalancing the emotional basis of Israeli art. It presents 25 artists with the opportunity to have their say - literally and visually. It will perhaps open up a new approach, and tip the scale towards a more equalized view of Israeli art.

The typographical layout in this bilingual publication is arranged with great clarity. Whole-page photos complement each artist's entry. The cover design, in subtle colour transitions, is by David Gal.

(A review of the exhibition itself will appear next week.)



Pavlov and pluralism

Meir Ronnen

AFTER SOME 30 years of the successively brilliant fireworks of contemporary art, our senses have become titillated beyond redemption. We salivate at every bell, expecting not only the choicest morsels, but something new for every course. Commendable work that doesn't say anything that has not been said before goes uncommended, or gets barked at.

The current hiatus in art development, coupled with the largely unimpressive dent made by New Painting and/or Neo-Expressionism, has led to an appeal for "pluralism", reopening the door to earlier developments once held, rightly or wrongly, to have shot their bolt. With the need to say something new neatly disposed of, we are offered instead the rather Victorian idea that anything is worth doing if it is done well.

"Khatakh II" (Cross-section 2) is a pluralist group show by 13 Jerusalem artists of varying persuasions, none of them pioneering. A handful do what they do extremely well. Another handful do not.

The outstanding painting in the show is by Michael Kovner and Yoram Rozov. Kovner shows three larger-than-life portraits of young women in a decorative style that lies somewhere between the work of America's Alex Katz (by whom they were no doubt influenced) and cinema hoarding posters (which also influenced Katz). Kovner's use of pure colour in modelling features (the green of an eyebrow, for instance) is decisive, effective and non-realistic, while textures and backgrounds are rendered in the same high colour for maximum punch. At the same time, his women, like Katz's women, seem to be people we know, though rendered by Kovner with an even greater intensity; they live.

Rozov's triptych, a close-up of the edge of an orange grove, was seen at his last one-man-show in Tel Aviv. It is a splendid example of *alla prima* direct oil painting at its best, with the artist never losing his grip on the control of light, the play of shadow and its organisation within each picture as well as overall. Note how the beautifully painted strip of earth is organised as a varying band of rich, subtle colour of precise proportional relationship to the mass of the foliage. The formal basis of this piece of near photo-realism is similar to that of the abstractions of Mark Rothko. Rozov is a Professor at the Bezalel.

A sometime lecturer at the Bezalel is Izhak Marecha, whose gouache and collage paintings comprising reproductions of pre-Renaissance religious painting are brilliantly handled, cleverly coloured and don't tell us anything, beyond the fact that the artist has great technical ability and a fine colour sense. It's a reminder that art requires another quality besides originality: it must move us, in either heart or mind.

A brief eye catcher are the paintings of a watermelon cut into architectural and cultural fantasies by Igal Zemer. The large one is the best but its chief attribute is its curiosity value.

The rest of the painting is run-of-the-mill, in one way or another. Eduard Levin, Russian trained,



Elena Sarny: composition, spray, pen and ink (Alon Gallery).



Eduard Levin: "The Yellow Star", oils (J'lem Artists House).

shows gloomy post-impressionism that, in the case of the boy with the yellow star, becomes merely sentimental illustration. Beba Yanay shows low-key New Horizons interiors, in one case reminiscent of early Aroch. Nahada Haruk-Gafai exhibits over-weightless watercolour landscapes; Yehudit Shapiro some wild and woolly painted constructions as well as gestural works on metal and fibreglass, to no avail; Hanna Shvily a "New Image" painting and some wildly gestural oil pastel landscapes of no originality; and Maal Salama some self-indulgent pencilings on the back of old book-covers. The odd-man out is veteran Miran Sina, whose effective colour woodcuts were all made many decades ago; under what criteria were they included here?

The sculptor of the show is veteran Aharon Bezalel, represented with a variety of carved wooden pieces all typical of his oeuvre. A magnificent sundered tree trunk might well have been left untouched; the incisions seem superfluous. Another work, based on the idea of the concentric rings of a tree and a concomitant time tunnel, has a tiny cypher for a man embedded in it. An outstanding piece is the small split block thinly painted white, immensely accomplished in handling.

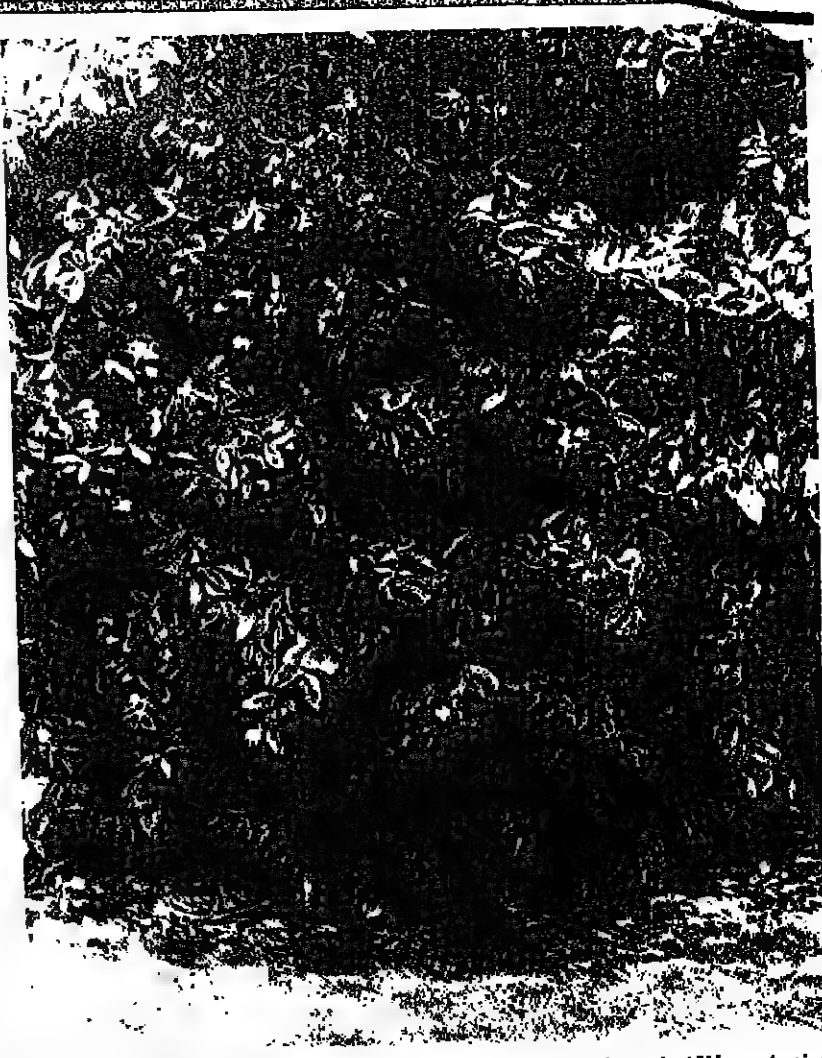
The entrance to this venue is made somewhat harrowing by a tunnel-like painted construction of beams hung with plywood cockerels, the work of Eli Dor-Cohen. It quite failed to move me, either in heart or mind. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till Oct. 3.

IT IS extraordinary to reflect on the fact that modernist sculpture has been entirely encompassed by the work of four men: Brancusi, Arp, Moore and Giacometti (Smith and Caro notwithstanding). To this may be added a fifth influence: that of African tribal carving. Tuvia Juster (b. Rumania, 1931) of Ein Hod, where he has lived since 1959, is one of a myriad of contemporary sculptors working within the parameters laid down by these giants - and the Africans. His often clever carvings and castings belong, in one way or another, to all of them. There is one vertical African-influenced carving on show that moved me, a non-realistic combination of two torsos. Brancusi, would, I think, have liked it. (Jerusalem Artists House Mezzanine Gallery). Till Oct. 3.

FRANZ BERNHEIMER (b. Munich 1911) has often been written up in this column and there is little new one can say of his work except to note, with some amazement, that, despite his advanced age, it gets better and better. Bernheimer settled here in 1961, after studying and working in Europe and the U.S. He has taught at the University of Haifa. He creates a whole world just with pencil and paper, a world not previously seen. Mixing modelled chiaroscuro details with rhythmical groups of abstract-expressionist lines, Bernheimer summons up visions of disintegrating skeletons, but not those of any known animal. These bio-morphic parts often bear an uncanny relation to musical notation, without in any way resembling it. The artist himself talks of drawing to a tangible inner music.

In some drawings of the last two years, Bernheimer has come up with a new set of innards, more piping than bone structure, half-machine, half-aorta, more like the powerplant of an android than a human. Composition too has also changed and is now more controlled, more concentrated at one point in the rectangle, more tonally and geometrically dramatic. Two such imaginative drawings on show, one from 1982 and the other from this year, convince you that they are alive, or drawn from life. They are a remarkable, totally original achievement. These drawings are so complete that they make Bernheimer's ventures into colour, some of which are also on view, seem superfluous. In any case the artist uses colour as drawing; and the musical rhythms in these works become too obvious in notation.

At the same venue, Elena Sarny (b. Russia, 1956), a recent arrival trained in Russia, shows a series of works on paper painted with petroleum-based spray colours. In each case, the basis of the composition is purely abstract, but the overlapping hard and soft-edge forms also contain - and almost conceal - line drawings, in pen and ink, of birds and animals. There is no attempt however, to depict the reality of the jungle. Sarny's compositions seem to hark back to the *orphisme* of Robert Delaunay as well as to early Russian constructivism. Colour is pleasant; and if the generally oval rhythm is obvious, it is also effective. The line drawings however, are too much of a contrast to be successfully integrated into the painterly approach. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 51 Palmach, J'lem). Till early Oct.



Yoram Rozov: Orange Grove, oils, panel from triptych (J'lem Artists House).



Franz Bernheimer: drawing, detail (Alon Gallery, Jerusalem).

New art calendars

THIS NEW YEAR has brought us a series of beautiful art calendars, of such quality as to make them eminently respectable gifts. One of the most sumptuous - and the most expensive - is the boxed wall calendar published by the Israel Museum and sold at its shop or by mail order. It offers a mini-overview of the Museum, as it features Jewish ceremonial art; antiquities from this and other countries; and classical and contemporary painting. The photography is superb and so is the colour printing (by the Sabinsky Press, Tel Aviv). This calendar can compete in quality with anything produced in Japan, which is saying a lot. It was designed by Yoram Vardimon and costs IS9,200 (this week) with an additional IS.515 for local postage.

Several very attractive calendars of more modest price have been published by Palphot. The biggest is devoted to a selection of pages from

the Rothschild Manuscripts and to some of the details, all typical of medieval illumination. The details are striking but also suffer somewhat from enlargement, while the backgrounds have been whitened out divorcing the figures from their context; I prefer the full pages, with all their glorious Hebrew script. Many are suitable for framing and the colour printing is again excellent. This beautiful wall calendar costs IS3,950.

The smaller Palphot production is equally successful and is devoted to full details of early Jewish manuscripts, concentrating on the illuminated introductory word or chapter heading. Most of the examples have great charm. The calendar closes like a book and is ideally suited for mailing abroad, as it weighs little in its plastic sheath. Cost: IS2,450.

MEIR RONNEN

PAGE ELEVEN



THE COUNTERFEITER'S TALE

Wim Van Leer discovered Jacob Lauber's report on 'the counterfeiting workshop of the Nazis at Sachsenhausen' in the German Federal Archives at Koblenz. Later, he tried to locate Lauber, who had at one time lived in Ramat Gan. But he met no success, and a copy of the document remained in Van Leer's files until the recent uncovering of a major counterfeiting operation in Jaffa and the U.S. Impressed by the narrative, Van Leer translated it, attempting to 'preserve the dry factuality of the original.'

I WAS BORN in Cracow on September 1, 1909. Before the war I was a draughtsman and lived in the town of my birth. I had a wife and a child. Both perished, as did 35 members of my close family. I am the only survivor. In the year 1949 I emigrated (to Israel).

On September 11, 1939, I was arrested and on the 22nd of that month was brought to Buchenwald. In those days, in every town, the Germans staged an "action" to intimidate the population. They pretended that an officer had been shot and arrested a number of Jews. I was one of them, and so in 1939 I was already in Buchenwald, where I stayed until 1942.

In that year an order was received in Buchenwald, for all specialists in the paper trade - printers, bookbinders, engravers - to report for duty. I did not report. But they were two men short - they needed 28 men - and they found my name in the files. The next morning we were dispatched, no one told where we were going. We were taken to Sachsenhausen, near Oranienburg, and Berlin. There a barracks had been prepared for us. Nine men stayed in the barracks by day to install machinery, the others were given various tasks like stone-work and gardening. The real purpose of all this was not revealed to us.

After two months the factory was ready. We all went to the barracks. The boss, one Sturmbannführer (Lt. Colonel) Krieger and the SS people from the Security Service, explained why we were here. We were to counterfeit banknotes, to help Germany to victory. As of that day, we were confined to our barracks and were not to be in touch with anyone. We had our own guards, day and night, who slept on the premises.

Our barracks, No. 18/19, was completely isolated, surrounded by a special wall. In the centre was a courtyard closed in with a roof of barbed wire. All windows were barred.

In one part of the block was the factory. In the other were our living, eating and sleeping quarters. We

were better housed and fed than the camp in general.

Apart from the SS personnel, the boss had obtained a specialist from the SA, to put the machinery in working order. They gave us paper to practice counting money. This went on for two months. The SA man couldn't get his machinery going, and became terribly excited, constantly threatening to have us put against the wall and shot. For two months we were kept busy counting money, day in and day out.

After two months, the SA man was kicked out and a specialist from the prisoners took over, a printer. In a month we were printing English pounds. We put 50 samples of our work and twenty real banknotes before the boss. He thought ours were the real ones, they were that good.

The work went as follows: The paper arrived from the printing press, four to a sheet. They had to be separated by hand. The notes were sorted in three stacks: good, middling and bad. Some of us were sorting, others did the quality control. Afterwards the notes were "aged," so to speak; frumped up and then, flattened, edges were rubbed on the floor. There was a store, complete with storekeeper and administrator, controlling the stock. The boss came every week; sometimes he took half a million or a million pounds with him.

After a while, the plant was enlarged from 28 to 50 workers. Later there were 110 and finally 148 workers. The premises were enlarged to include a second block. A whole block for English pounds and half a block for dollars. The English notes were for 5, 10, 20 and 50 pounds. In the end there were 18 guards. Some of the guards made trouble, but the Sturmbannführer straightened things out. They wanted us to remain at work.

ALL THE WORKERS in our block were Jews. We knew that we were condemned to death; that we could never be freed. We all lived in great fear. We even told the SS that we knew that we wouldn't survive. That we did survive was a miracle.

It took us a year before we could produce dollar notes. Meanwhile we printed propaganda Marks. They carried the image of the King of England, Stalin, some American and the Jewish star. They depicted Germany's enemies.

We also made counterfeit passports. They sent us the documents of people who had been killed. They had to be sorted according to paper quality and texture and served as raw material for new paper. One young man came across those of his parents and fainted.

Eventually, we were increased to 148 men. Eight of those were killed because they were ill.

At one time, we were ordered to stop printing. We ran around and thought that now they were going to kill us, but then came another order: "Go on printing."

The boss always promised that we would survive and rejoin our families, but we knew that those were lies.

In the year 1944, when the dollar was finished, came the order to close the plant. Only essential staff would be retained. If the factory was closed it meant that the SS officers had to go to the front, which was not too far away. For that reason, our boss dragged out the operation till the very last moment. He went to see Himmler and received permission, because of the dollars, to continue production.

In January 1945, we were instructed to dismantle the machinery, not knowing what was happening. We figured that if they march us out of the camp and go straight on, we would live, but if we turn to the right, (that's where the crematorium was located), that's the end.

Everyone was put in a special train, us too, and we were given food. We rolled for four-five days, until we got to Mauthausen in Austria. There they again gave us an isolated block. We had just brought the machinery from the train to the camp, when we were told that the commander of Mauthausen refused permission for our kind of work. The boss went looking for another place.

After two months came the order:

load the machinery, we're on our way. We got to Redzitz, between Mauthausen and Ebensee. There was a small camp and caves in the mountain. We placed the hundred wooden cases in the caves, and in the camp we began preparing the factory. Some of us worked on the installation, others began to sort out the money we had brought along. That was in the middle of March 1945. But we hadn't started producing.

Three weeks before the first of May 1945, the boss paid us an inspection visit, said "goodbye" to the SS and told us that he would return in three weeks. But he was running away. He knew what was going to happen and we saw him in a car with his wife and large trunks.

One week before the first of May came the order, dismantle all machinery. The "good" money was put on the train as well as hundreds of cases of "bad" money, that was to be dropped all over England to destroy the currency. But it was already too late for this. Then came the order, that for eight days, 25 men in three shifts should destroy the "bad" money. We burned the lot in pits.

Then came the order: a group of 80 men would be put on a truck without luggage. We arranged with them to leave a mark on the truck if they arrived alive. After an hour a truck arrived, but not the original one, so we did not know what had happened to them. The second group consisted of 40 men; I was one of them.

We got to Ebensee in the SS barracks outside the camp, and found the first group there. We remained in isolation. We were kept like cattle.

The last group, which had yet to arrive, consisted of 30 strong young men. They wanted to resist along the way. When the last group failed to arrive our SS guards were very nervous. We had arrived on Thursday, May 3. On Friday the group leader told us: "Tomorrow you'll have better conditions."

ing. From our window we could see the flag of the Red Cross over the large camp, a white flag with a red cross. They were protected by the Red Cross.

Our guards suddenly closed the window shutters. We thought: "Either they feel ashamed and want to leave, or they intend to blow up the whole block." After an hour the shutters were opened again.

At 3 o'clock that night came the order: All assemble, all keep calm otherwise you will be shot down. We then marched to the gate of the adjacent camp. Our guards went to the camp commander, who was Wehrmacht (regular army), not SS. The guard reported the surrender of 110 men, but said that he did not know where they came from.

On Saturday the last group arrived. They had to march all the way, going very slowly, as they sensed that liberation was at hand. We all embraced and kissed each other. Early on Sunday, the first American tanks arrived.

The SS guard of the last group carried an order for our liquidation. But since the last group was delayed and we were already freed, they couldn't do anything to us.

After our liberation we called a meeting. We had to determine what to do, if we should report our activities, or keep quiet. We decided to report everything, then each went his way.

In Salzburg I was a member of the committee. The chief of the Secret Service came from London and I had to write a report about the whole business. They had found some packets of banknotes. We gave them all the names of the SS personnel involved and also witnesses; but the matter never came to trial.

Once, I would like to add, in Sachsenhausen, there was an air-raid. Incendiary bombs fell on the adjacent block. They immediately surrounded our block with machineguns, to prevent prisoners from the outside from finding shelter in our block. We had to assemble in the yard so that, in case of fire, we could be marched away with our guards. But the fire was put out.

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I'VE LONG admired the late Caryl (A *Bullet in the Ballet*) Brahms and Ned (That Was The Week That Was) Sherrin but I'm ashamed to admit I'd never heard of Ross Anderson, the publisher of their timely, fascinating and well-made book, *Song by Song*. At any rate, he ought to be encouraged, and that's why I've printed his address in full at the top of this review.

The book is timely. This summer, London's West End theatres staged no fewer than 18 musicals, including revivals of *Gypsy* and *Dolls*, *42nd Street*, *Singing in the Rain*, *West Side Story* and *Oh, Kay*. On Broadway, Twigg and Tommy Tune are packing them in to hear George and Ira Gershwin's unforgettable songs in the musical pastiche, *My One and Only*. Fly anywhere in the States and one of the channels on the inflight audio system will play you an hour of standards written half a century or more ago.

Song by Song starts with a composite profile of The Great Lyric Writer. His parents are Russian Jews who've crossed the Atlantic, changed their names, and settled in New York's Lower East Side. One parent, usually the father, emerges as a character who, as the son grows older and goes to night classes at City College, gradually becomes something of an embarrassment. Our aspiring bard, "intoxicated by the innocent idea of making words work for him" in a language his parents "imperfectly understood," submits light verse to Franklin P. Adams's column, *The Conning Tower*. He goes on to write lyrics for Broadway, is invited to Hollywood, misses the Great White Way despite making really big money and returns there in the Forties to score his greatest success

Goodbye to Baline



SONG BY SONG: The Lives and Work of 14 Great Lyric Writers by Ned Sherrin and Caryl Brahms. Ross Anderson Publications, 22 Higher Dunsour, Egerton, Bolton BL7 9TE. 282 pp. £5.95.

THE GRAND ORDER OF WATER RATS: A Legend of Laughter by Charlie Chester. London, W.H. Allen. 194 pp. £10.95.

Alex Berlyne

For some reason, this gag seems to tap a vein of the unconscious that would have made Freud's toes curl up inside his size nines. I used to work on a roadblock with a sergeant whose habit it was, whenever one of the cars we checked contained a couple, to speed them on their way with a cheerful, "Good night. Have a nice time." I lost count of the occasions that the male would snap back indignantly, "This is my wife!"

FIELDS, whose greatest hits were written in collaboration with Jimmy McHugh, also worked with Jerome Kern. In *A Fine Romance*, "A sarcastic love song," they included the couplet:

*You're calmer than the seas in the Arctic Ocean
At least they flap their fins to express emotion...*

Lorenz Hart could rhyme anything and frequently did, prompting one wit to suggest that above his bed hung a needlework sampler with the text, "Prepare to make thy metre." Like Dorothy Fields, Hart also came up with *Phaedra* in the lyric to *I Wish I Was in Love Again*, providing one of his most original images:

*When love congeals,
It soon reveals
The faint aroma of performing
seats,
The double-crossing of a pair of
heels.*

In one Rodgers and Hart musical, 1940's *Higher and Higher*, a performing seal actually stole the admittance to a night club by a Frenchwoman in the audience whose loud voice could be heard, admiring "zee phoque." Hart must have been delighted for, according to Joshua Logan, the

diminutive lyricist enjoyed working double entendres into songs such as *Bewitched*, *Bothered and Bewildered* in which a woman who has come gradually to the realization that she's fallen for a heel ruefully admits:

*He's a laugh, but I love it
Because the laugh's on me!*

YIP HARBURG spent all his life as a truly committed socialist of the type guaranteed to get Senator McCarthy headlines from coast to coast. His most subversive lyric, however, seems to have been *Lydia, the Tattooed Lady*. This was not, as you may have thought, a reference to Oscar Hammerstein II's stepmother but a number written for Groucho Marx to warble in *At the Circus*.

I doubt that even the most attentive audience realized that in *Some-where Over the Rainbow*, that heart-catching Judy Garland evergreen, he was attempting not only a statement of his liberal principles but also a tribute to Franklin D. Roosevelt. You really must listen more carefully next time.

Brahms and Sherrin winked out one intriguing little footnote—well, a couple of footbars, actually—to showbiz history. Harburg thought that Harold Arlen's tune was "too important" and "too symphonic" for the song that would take Dorothy out of Kansas and into Munchkin Land. He only relented when Arlen promised to find a bridge to the song, eventually coming up with a rhythmic trill based on the notes he used to whistle when calling his dog:

*Some day I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are
far behind me.
Where troubles melt like lemon
drops,
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me...*

With this theme pouring out of radios and TVs for the next 40 years, Arlen's poor pooch mustn't have known whether it was coming or going.

ARTHUR SCHWARTZ died at the beginning of September. After a career in a law office, Schwartz, a frustrated composer, decided that his heart wasn't in it and teamed up with lyricist Howard Dietz to write *Dancing in the Dark*, *You and the Night and the Music*, and the showbiz

anthem, *That's Entertainment*, among others.

Dietz, one of Brahms and Sherrin's 14 Greats, could never equal the sad, beautiful magic that Lorenz Hart wrought in innumerable shows but he had an undeniable way with words. He once summed up Gay Paree in a lyric he wrote for Beatrice Lillie as:

*Un soupçon of sad, un soupçon of
glad,
Zee onion soupçon—
Not bad!*

and he was at his best fashioning light verse such as those adorning 1948's *Rhode Island Is Famous for You* in which he described an America in which "pencils come from Pennsylvania, vests from Vest Virginia," and so on. Over 30 years later, travelling in the Tube from Heathrow, I was amazed to see that someone had appropriated the idea for a poster plugging the Royal Mail Night rider Service which transports "China Dogs to Barking. Coal to Stoke Newington. Hymns to Abbeywood. Trees to Poplar. Seed to Peckham. Jewels to Purley. Sauce to Worcester..."

Dietz, who spent most of his life as a publicist for MGM, would have been delighted not only with the idea but the swipe. He once introduced a programme of his work (in one of Maurice Levine's *Lyrics and Lyrics* series) with a gag: "I don't like composers who think," he told the cognoscenti gathered at the 92nd Street YMHA, "it gets in the way of their plagiarism." He went on to quote his longtime partner who was once asked to contribute two songs a week to a long-running radio series.

"Won't it take a lot out of you Arthur?" Dietz enquired solicitously.

"Yes," replied Schwartz, "but it'll take a lot more out of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms."

They don't make them like that any more or, to be more precise, they don't want them like that any more. When Sheldon (*If I Were a Rich Man*) Harnick first began trying to peddle his lyrics to music publishers he kept getting the brush-off and always with the same explanation. "Mr. Harnick," they told him, "you put too many ideas into your songs." Another unsolicited piece of advice can serve as an epitaph to Tin Pan Alley: "Listen to the crap that's around," Harnick was told. "That's what we want."

"CHEERFUL" CHARLIE CHESTER'S story of music hall's famous brotherhood, the Grand Order of Water Rats, is a stroll down Memory Lane. Founded nearly a century ago, the fraternity's work for charity is legendary—and Israel, too, has benefited on a number of occasions. Cheerful Charlie's book is full of hilarious stories and yet, underlying it all, is a note of pathos. What with living in theatrical digs, waiting in drafty railway platforms for mid-night trains at the close of a week's engagement and, above all, the ever present risk of getting the bird from an unsympathetic audience, the variety artiste's life was hardly a bed of roses.

"So often audiences are a failure," Howard Dietz once observed bitterly. "Many an audience has been so bad that it should have been panned by reviewers." The Glasgow Empire, Chester reveals, was the most feared booking of all and many pros dreaded it. I recall Billy Merson referring to this sort of reception in one of his songs:

*The audience cried 'you're sub-
lime.'
They made me a present
Of Mornington Crescent,
They threw it a brick at a time.*

This is only a mild exaggeration. I used to be appalled at the sheer sadism of some of the audience at Manchester's Roxy Theatre amateur nights and I've even seen them scrambling onto the stage intent on wreaking Grievous Bodily Harm on a soprano who fled screaming in terror into the wings.

"Professor" Jimmy Edwards, Top of the Bill at the Glasgow Empire, was once reported to head office. "He told them to piss off," the manager informed Val Parnell's assistant, the prim Miss Williams.

"Well," she said, "it's about time somebody did." Jimmy Edwards should thank his lucky stars he wasn't working in 16th century Sweden. I once read an account of a performance of *The Mystery of the Passion* which was attended by the king. The actor playing Longinus, the Roman soldier who was supposed to mime sticking his spear into Jesus's side, accidentally killed him and the actor tumbled from the cross, flattening the Virgin and flooring St. John in the process. The king could not countenance this blasphemy and leapt up the stage, drew his sword and cut off the head of "Longinus." This so spoiled the enjoyment of the audience that "they fell upon the king and killed him."

IT MAY have been the audiences that made the iron bite deep into their souls, but I was uncomfortably aware that many of the comics' routines described by Charlie Chester were loaded with extremely cruel jokes and many of them were directed specifically at women.

Billy Russell, for example, discussing the small print in insurance policies, claimed to have been involved in a charabanc accident. "If I hadn't had the presence of mind to kick the wife in the face," he told his audience, "we wouldn't have gotten a penny."

The sublime and the ridiculous were never far apart in real life, either. Claude Lester, a comic who was often so drunk that he'd be locked in his dressing room by irate managers, used to bribe call-boys to shove a straw through the key-hole so that he could sip from a bottle of whiskey they held outside the door.

Once, during a bus ride, he so offended his wife that she bawled off and smacked him in the chops. "Woman, you will rue the day!" he declaimed then, addressing the conductor, "Stop the bus!" Wishing to avoid trouble, the conductor pulled the cord. Claude took his wife by the arm and escorted her off the bus, dumped her bags beside her and boarded the bus once more. "Drive on!" Claude told the conductor, wringing every ounce of drama out of the situation.

Bill Pertwee is the subject of another, possibly apocryphal, story. He is supposed to have left his bride in the lurch and gone to play cricket instead of turning up at the church. When she remarried with him, crying "How could you do it?" Pertwee is said to have replied, "Don't you ever listen? I distinctly said 'only if it rained.'"

This sounds to me more like a literary allusion than a slice of life. In Michael Bury's poem, *Wish Love Letter*, he tells how he'd ford all the rivers of Wales and scale all her mighty castles to reach his love. If all the peaks of Gwynedd—Cnicht, Moeliwyn, Moel-y-gest, Moel Hebog and Eryl—were piled on top of each other, he'd climb them all.

Oh, how I love you! he ends each stanza then, after the final verse, adds:

*See you Saturday,
If it's not raining.*

IN 1943, the film actor, Leslie Howard, met a German Jew called Wilfrid Israel at a British luncheon given in Madrid. After hearing details of Israel's career and mission, Howard (himself of Hungarian Jewish origin) commented "But you are the Scarlet Pimpernel; I've only played the part." This anecdote related by the British journalist Ian Colvin may be apocryphal; it sounds too good to be true. But what is certain is that a few weeks later, Howard and Israel—who did have a "Pimpernel Smith" quality—lost their lives returning from Portugal on the same plane which was shot down by the Germans (it was widely believed that they thought it was carrying Churchill).

Naomi Shepherd, a Jerusalem journalist, has now rescued Wilfrid Israel from semi-oblivion in a detailed biography, which has taken her to many sources and archives, and admirably reconstructs the man and his period. Israel was the original of Bernhard Landauer, the Jewish aesthete and businessman in Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*, although Isherwood later regretted the injustice of the aspect of his portrayal which depicts Landauer as faint-hearted and indifferent to the threat of Nazism. The history of Wilfrid Israel is very different.

He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father owned one of Berlin's most famous business houses, and was rumoured to pay more taxes than any other Jew in Berlin; his mother was the granddaughter of the British Chief Rabbi, Hermann Adler. Indeed she moved to London for his birth to ensure his having British nationality. The family lived in opulence in Berlin with a country villa in the Wannsee suburb, later to be notorious in Jewish history. The family's four-floor store had 2,000 employees and produced one of Germany's first mail-order catalogues. In the words of Chaim Weizmann, one of Israel's many friends and admirers in high places, "It was something like the Harrods of Berlin." Even the family chauffeur wrote a motoring column in a Berlin paper.

WILFRID ISRAEL fitted easily into Weimar Berlin. His enthusiasms were pacifism, socialism and

Jewish Pimpernel



WILFRID ISRAEL: German Jewry's Secret Ambassador by Naomi Shepherd. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 291 + xii pp. £12.95

Geoffrey Wigoder

oriental art. As an adolescent he frequently visited Albert Einstein (who called him "a living work of art") while he was deeply influenced by another friend, Martin Buber, who was to write a prose poem praising his moral stature. Israel was intrigued with Buber's linkage of socialism and Zionism, and by his Hebrew humanism. He was excited by Zionism, in its noblest and most idealistic terms, and helped to raise money for another friend, Siegfried Lehmann, to found the educational village of Ben Shimon. Shepherd detects homosexual tendencies, not uncommon in Berlin in the 1920s; it

was perhaps unusual that he seems to have kept them only latent.

It was the rise to power of the Nazis that evoked unsuspected leadership qualities. Indeed, as late as 1933 Robert Weisach could write "Wilfrid has good ideas but lacks the charisma to carry them out." He refused to leave Germany, as he could have done so easily, in order to stand with his employees on the one hand and German Jewry on the other. Now head of the firm, he was looked to by hundreds for help, advice and money, and exerted himself to defend employees threatened by the Nazis. After the introduction of the 1935 Nuremberg Laws, he was officially removed as head of the firm, but in fact continued to make all operative decisions. His great courage in standing up to Nazi threats led to brief periods of imprisonment and a full-page attack in *Der Stürmer*. Eventually, on *Kristallnacht*, the store was wrecked, and had to be sold for a fraction of its

worth. This marked the end of the family fortune.

Facing the Nazis, Israel came into his own as a communal leader, working untiringly to bolster the Jews who remained in Germany and to assist the emigration. As early as 1932 he helped Recha Freier organize the emigration from Germany to Palestine of a first group of children in an operation that was to develop into Youth Aliya. Using his special background, he became the link between German Jewry and the British government and Jewish community, both on missions to London and to the British embassy in Berlin. He kept them informed on all developments concerning Nazi policies towards the Jews, and about the concentration camps.

From 1937, he began to work intensively in the representative German Jewish organization, the Hilfsverein, labouring day and night to organize the emigration of German Jews who had been sent to concentration camps. He himself was in constant danger, for he was under continual surveillance by the Gestapo and, for safety, never slept at home.

Only after the German-Soviet pact did Israel take to heart the warning to leave Germany for his own good. He reached London just a few days before the outbreak of the war. During the next few months, he managed to visit Palestine, and see the group who had founded Hahazorea, where he dreamt of settling one day.

The onset of war meant no let-up in his activities on behalf of German Jewry. Working out of London, he could still devise rescue options, now mainly through the U.S. The summer of 1940 found him intervening frantically for the German refugees in Britain who had been interned in the panic that accompanied the fall of France. He was the first outsider allowed to visit the main internment centre in the Isle of Man, and report back on its conditions.

EVENTUALLY, he found his place in Chatham House, the Royal Institute of International Affairs run by Arnold Toynbee. He was also deeply involved in Foreign Office research concerning the nature of post-war Germany. Israel came out

strongly in opposition to the dismemberment of post-war Germany, although he did not exclude the possibility of a limited transfer of territory.

During these years, he found himself at growing odds with the Zionist establishment, who were not pleased by his association with the anti-Zionist Harold Beeley at Chatham House. He was planning his own post-war immigration to Palestine, and even received his certificate from the Colonial Office. However, he opposed a mass exodus of Jewish survivors from Europe to Palestine after the war, fearing that this would undermine the social and ethical basis of the Jewish community. Such a movement, he wrote, would transfer the catastrophe from Europe to Palestine, and would lead to a tragic conflict with the Arabs. Although one of the first to realize the significance of the deportations of European Jewry, and to link them to information about mass killings, he still looked forward to a socialist Europe after the war in which the Jews would find their place as an accepted minority. His continuing faith in socialism led him to growing alienation from the Zionist leadership, which he felt had deserted socialism for capitalism and nationalism. "When I spoke to Ben-Gurion," he wrote, "I had the feeling that he was one of the fanatics without true faith." He saw him not as a socialist leader but as a fervent nationalist.

But Israel never thought of refusing the special mission proposed to him by the Jewish Agency in January 1943. He left for neutral Portugal on its behalf, to rescue Jewish children trapped in Europe. He was to distribute 200 certificates that had been received from the Mandatory authorities, plan the transport of the recipients to Palestine, and examine the possibilities for further rescue attempts. He performed his tasks, but some of the major conclusions reached in Spain and Portugal he had intended to deliver orally on his return. He never did return. But he did leave a will in Portugal, written the night before the fateful flight, in which he bequeathed his precious oriental art collection to Kibbutz Hahazorea, where it is now housed in the Wilfrid Israel Museum.

Fruit of knowledge

IN THE BEGINNING: Reflections on the Book of Genesis by Anna Gutman. Jerusalem, World Jewish Bible Society. 264 pp. No price stated.

Amnon Hadary

Jewish people repeats the annual cycle of Torah reading, individual Jews feel called upon to give the venerable and well-rehearsed text their own personal "readings." And what an unusual reading hers is. It combines perceptions from Max Weber with intimations from Freud yet transcends both the pleasure principle and social anthropology. In essence the book is the fruit of reflections matured by the life experiences of a wise woman. The major part of her book concentrates on a fascinatingly enigmatic episode: Eating the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden. She gets at the truth through a differential reading of two perceptions, Adam's and Eve's: "Eve experienced a feeling of wellbeing, perceived as the very opposite of the idea of death, a

feeling that both heightened and transcended the physical pleasure and which made her give him the fruit."

On the other hand, "looking at it from Adam's point of view, the fruit may be likened to a medicine, anticipated as extremely unpleasant, which he 'took' when he saw the 'magical' effect it had on Eve. This effect which made the tree appear as if it were vested with a magical power was what proved her to be 'the knowing' as he knew her from the start and expected her to be...the knowledge of being naked invalidated the good and, with it, also the evil; the fear of touching, which having disappeared under Eve's magical touch, appeared in retrospect as irrational and therefore 'ridiculous'."

Contemporary Eve's and Adam's perception of that which is irrational and ridiculous all go back to that apocryphal story. Anna Gutman gives her readers an orientation to some places east of Eden without recourse to the heavy-handed map-maker's pen of the feminist firebrands.

"...notwithstanding her [Eve's] intelligence, independence and courage that accounted for her eating of the forbidden tree... subsequent to this event her behaviour was but an imitation of his... Eve became a social being... pointing her recognition and acceptance of him as 'the knowing.' It was her idea of him as 'keeper of the command' and the guilt for having made him transgress it that invalidated her status of the knowing and enabled him to establish his rule over her."

THE STRENGTHS of the book are also its shortcomings. To say that the style is eclectic is not to deny that it is also uneven. Following the author's "Reflections," close textual examination, flights of poetry; individual words and phrases tumble into *midrash*, and thence back to syntax. In all these variations, it is the taxing effort to understand the idea of sin which is the *leitmotif*.

In his foreword, Emanuel Rackman writes: "I was fascinated by the very fact that a woman who never had the formal training of the professional biblical scholar, read it and studied it with such depth of feeling..." He goes on to remark that: "It is unfortunate that she always worked in solitude and did not discuss her views during her lifetime with persons who, in dialogue with

her, might have helped her to clarify many of her own points..."

I am indebted to M. Sokolow, who quotes chapter and verse (see *Forum 51*) in support of my intuition that Rackman missed one of the most astounding aspects of Anna Gutman's achievements. If indeed she is "a woman who never had the formal training of the professional biblical scholar," it is all the more remarkable that many of her insights are close to, if not identical with, those of Talmudic sages and medieval Jewish commentators. If she is not derivative, she is certainly inventive to the point of *déjà vu*.

I am also indebted to Etan Levine, who wrote me that he recalls Mordecai M. Kaplan's saying that "each generation must write its own *midrash*;" we cannot subsist solely on the *midrash* of the past. "Levine goes on in the same vein: "...furthermore, for Biblical studies to be Torah, critical scholarship is indispensable, but 'inadequate.'" It is for these reasons that the volume of Anna Gutman is an intrinsically legitimate addition to the living corpus of Jewish literature.

One caveat: it is a pity that such a valuable contribution did not receive careful proofreading. The book is rife with typos. All the more pity for it is a description of the *topos* of the Jewish soul.

S.D. GOITEIN was 10 years old when he first learned about the Yemenite Jews. Following his *ulya* to Palestine in the early Twenties, he became more and more involved in research into their history and culture. In his introduction to *The Yemenites*, he writes: "One of the best things that ever happened to me was my encounter with this Jewish tribe...It greatly enriched my scientific thinking, and opened a new window for me on the world of Oriental Jewry."

Journey to Sanaa



THE YEMENITES: History, Communal Organization, Spiritual Life by S.D. Goitein. Edited by Menahem Ben-Sasson. Jerusalem, Ben-Zvi Institute. 374 pp. No price stated.

TRAVELS IN YEMEN: An Account of Joseph Halevi's Journey to Nedjran in the Year 1870 by Hayyim Habshush. Jerusalem, Ben-Zvi Institute. 364 pp. No price stated.

Aviva Klein-Franke

The second part of the book deals with the Yemenite Jewish community and its cultural life. The study includes Jewish education in Yemen, and Hebrew elements in the demotic Arabic of the Jews there.

Seven of the eight chapters are based on Geniza documents. The Geniza becomes an important source for research on the history of the Yemenite Jews in the medieval period. They figure as wealthy donors, and are well-versed in Judaism. The documents demonstrate the important role they played as traders in the 11th to 13th centuries, at a time when there was much trade with India. It led to an increasing migration of Jews from east to west, and later from west to east. Yemenite Jewry was composed of several strata. Jews emigrating from Persia, Iraq, the Maghreb and Spain settled in Yemen, and contributed to its culture.

The third section of the book consists of individual biographies, and of stories collected from Yemenites which reflect the individual's attitude to his Jewish heritage. Goitein emphasizes the connection between these tales and the reality they describe, and includes also an account of how Yemenite Jews are portrayed in the work of the novelist Haim Hazaz.

The fourth section deals with the status of the Jews in pre-Islamic Yemen.

Goitein published hundreds of articles about the Yemenite Jews over a period of about 50 years. Menahem Ben-Sasson, the editor of this small selection, has provided a contemporary scholarly context for them.

HAYYIM HABSHUSH'S Travels in Yemen was reprinted almost simultaneously with Goitein's *The Yemenites*. It is an account of Joseph Halevi's journey to Nedjran in the year 1870, and was written in Samani Arabic by his guide Hayyim Habshush. The Hebrew edition of Habshush's book was published by Goitein in 1938 (Sibbel, Tel Aviv), and the Arabic-English edition was published in 1941 (Magnes Press, Jerusalem). The two editions are now reprinted in one book by the Ben-Zvi Institute.

Hayyim ben Yihye Huihi Habshush was a well-known person in Jewish Sanaa. He was a coppersmith by profession, and made use of Sabaeic letters for magical purposes, without of course knowing their meaning.

In December 1869, the French Jewish scholar Joseph Halevi arrived in Sanaa. He had two aims: to collect Sabaeic inscriptions, and to report on the situation of the Jews of Yemen. He took the precaution of

presenting himself as a rabbi from Jerusalem who had travelled to Yemen to collect funds for the poor of the holy city.

Habshush came to visit him as soon as he arrived in Sanaa. He was eager to learn from Halevi about the meaning of the Sabaeic inscriptions, for he wanted to use them for magical purposes. This historic meeting led to their joining forces, and contributed much to Halevi's mission. Habshush accompanied Halevi in all his travels outside Sanaa. He was his guide, servant and assistant, and copied almost all the inscriptions for him. Thanks to his help, Halevi brought back to Europe 658 Sabaeic inscriptions. Till then, only about a hundred had been known.

Despite the considerable success of these investigations, Halevi never published the diary of his journey to Yemen. Nor did he write a book about his travels and his encounters with Yemenite Jewry. Instead, he published the Sabaeic inscriptions in his "Rapport sur une mission archéologique dans le Yemen (J.A. VI, 1872) and *Voyage au Nedjran* (BSG, Tome VI, 1873 and Tome XIII, 1877). He never mentioned Habshush his guide, or his assistance in copying most of the inscriptions he brought back to Europe.

Habshush did what Halevi had left undone: he wrote an account, from his own point of view, of his adventures with Halevi.

IT IS extraordinary that he undertook to describe Halevi's journey. He began the task at the initiative of the Austrian Jewish scholar Edward Glaser, who visited Yemen four times in connection with research into the Sabaeic inscriptions. Glaser employed Habshush to copy them. He had heard from Habshush about his journeys with Halevi to places where no other European had been. Glaser's encouragement explains why Habshush chronicled his journey with Halevi almost 24 years later.

Habshush began his journal in Hebrew, and showed it to Glaser when he had reached the middle of the fourth chapter. Glaser thereupon asked him to continue it in Arabic, which he did. (It is the Arabic of the Jews of Sanaa.) Goitein translated the Arabic chapters, and printed them together with the first four Hebrew chapters.

In spite of the 24 years between journey and book, Habshush's chronicle reads like a daily account

of field-work. It is astonishing how many details of conversations with Halevi he recalls. He remembers the exact time they visited each village, how long they stayed there, how many hours were spent between villages, which house they stayed at overnight, whom they met. His detail gives his book the quality of a document.

It's due to Goitein that this manuscript was retrieved in the early Thirties, and other papers among Glaser's remains - he was murdered in Yemen - which had been deposited in the Austrian National Library at Vienna. Some pages of the manuscript were missing. With the assistance of Habshush's family in Israel and Yemen, Goitein managed to find the missing pages. Only the Glaser manuscript preserves the title of the book: *Ru'ya al-Yaman*, i.e. *Hezyon Teyman* (Vision of Yemen).

Habshush himself learned much from his travels with Halevi. Like Halevi, he was visiting most of these places for the first time. He shares his discoveries with us. He meets Jews and Arabs from remote villages whom he could never have known in Sanaa. He describes their way of life and their customs. He provides an important description of the country and of the people, both Jews and Arabs, and of its geography and its antiquities, at a watershed in Yemenite history, just before the Ottoman invasion of 1872.

The Jews he met were all well read in the Bible and halacha, and led their lives as Jews. Many of them dreamt of redemption from Exile. His encounters convinced him that the Jews of Yemen were not homogeneous, and that there had been several phases of Jewish immigration to Yemen.

His book has value also for linguists.

Goitein also attached much value to Habshush's book. It is, in addition, an important supplement to Halevi's more scientific report. Habshush spent a considerable amount of time with Halevi in the hope of learning from him the meaning of the Sabaeic inscriptions. But he was disappointed in this. Halevi didn't teach him how to decipher the Sabaeic script. Nor did he keep in touch with him after he returned to France.

Habshush died in 1899 or 1900. The book includes a map of Yemen drawn by Glaser, and a page of Sabaeic inscriptions. □

realistic reproduction enable the viewer to note changes in the landscapes and interiors as compared with today: Jericho is a miserable village, Haifa a small town on the lower slopes of Carmel, the Damascus Gate has camels parked at its entrance and tombstones at its side; the Tomb of Joseph in Shechem has altars at its head and foot, in those days held to be the tombs of Ephraim and Manasseh; in Gaza we see a building, no longer standing, that was believed to be the site where Samson deposited the town gates. The vivid interiors often depict religious ceremonies, and provide a colorful picture of cleric and lay garb.

It is instructive to compare this new edition with the volume, *The Holy Land* by David Roberts, issued a few years ago by the Ariel Publishing House. The earlier publication was a facsimile edition which reproduced far more pictures - in black and white - as well as the original text based on Roberts' diary. The chief advantage of the new book is that the pictures are in color. Not that colour was Roberts' strongest point. General back-

grounds are often in the sandy yellow-brown which was the predominant colour of the country while the more striking colours are reserved for figures and details, especially of costumes, in the foreground. These colours often convey important basic information on the Holy Land scene of the time.

However, they sometimes obscure details which are clearer in the black-and-white reproductions. The written text of the new edition briefly explains the site depicted, its historical significance and sometimes mentions details about Roberts' visit - always together with an appropriate quotation from Scripture. However, it lacks the comprehensiveness, immediacy and quaintness of the original text.

In recent years, Roberts' work has become increasingly ubiquitous, and is reproduced in every way, from book illustrations to greeting cards. This selection of his paintings (over 100 of them according to the jacket, but in fact numbering 68) is an attractive volume and a welcome addition to available works of art on the Holy Land. □

TRYING TO define the word *hype*, Steven Aronson settles for what he calls "an orientation." It is derived from the Greek *hyperbole*, an exaggeration, and that, together with its onomatopoeic qualities - the cheap, belligerent shriek - makes it a useful addition to the name of the game which is fame: instant, self-generated fame.

Hype at the commodity level is our old friend. "Snuck washes whiter!" This work, however, deals with the packaging and merchandising of people and their entrepreneurial progeny. Aronson gives us a good example of how it works with an update of Hilton's *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, in which that loveable old schoolmaster hosts a morning talk show named *Hello, Mr. Chips*. Soon we'd have Mr. Chips' T-shirts, rulers, chalk and chocolate Mr. Chipes. I assume that all the products would carry his benevolently smiling face, the one that launched a thousand chips.

Hype has debased the language for, in a universe where everything is *fabulous*, nothing is much of anything. Since hype is aimed at the consuming suckers, the process demands examination. "How does a movie get to be a box-office hit? How does an ad campaign completely rejuvenate an industry? How does a book become a best seller? How does a rock star sell out Madison Square Garden? How does a hair-dresser get to be as famous as the high status people he serves? There is work involved. And hype is that work." It turns out that there is no recommended or fail-safe technique and that every product (read superstar), every merchandisable human gimmick, has its own approach as conceived by the image manipulator who orchestrates the cacophony aimed at putting his client into lucrative orbit.

THE BULK of Aronson's book is devoted to successful application of hype, with beautiful Cheryl Ties for starters. In case you don't know (and I, for one, had never heard of her), Cheryl is a model, with all the physical delicatessen this implies. Her picture had appeared one day on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* where "her nipples stared out of the imprisoning fishnet bathing suit like convicts' eyes, transfiguring (her body) into a secular ikon of energy, warmth, health, happiness and wealth."

And so the all-American cheese-cake in time became apple-pie as only mother makes it. For, only three years later, she became spokesperson for that most conservative of American corporations, Sears Roebuck, with a take-home pay exceeding \$5 million per annum. Over \$35 million were spent plugging Cheryl Ties products. If you want to find out how it was done, let Aronson be your guide. It will open your eyes, convict or otherwise, and make you remember the good old days when all you could get for two nipples was a dime.

Next, we deal with reborn superstars, the stage-managed comeback "by popular request," *les nash d'antan*, such as Dietrich, Crawford, Bacall, Bardot and Nureyev, all attaching their names lucratively to brand names and labels: "Even Gloria Vanderbilt has been driven to take one of the most illustrious names in American social history and sew it on her ass."

The "Great Lakes Mink Association," formed by 400 ranchers producing 30,000 black mink pelts a year, decided to do something about declining sales (in 1975, a scant \$525 million). The result was a publicity campaign tagged "What becomes a legend most" and the agency hand-



Unrepentant Soviet spy Sir Anthony Blunt holds a press conference at "The Times." Andrew Barrow's "International Gossip: a History of High Society 1970-80" (Pan, £4.95) is a chronicle of the foibles, affairs and faux pas of royalty, the aristocracy, the jetsetters and the headline-grabbers. It includes, for example, the Watergate saga, Lord George-Brown's regrettable inability to hold his liquor, the rise and fall of Idi Amin and the stormy marriage of Mick and Bianca Jagger. Hair transplants, hijackings, glittering social events and suicides are recorded practically day by day. While "International Gossip" is an indispensable reference book, it succeeds in making the Collected Works of Lenin seem almost appealing and Sir Anthony Blunt almost lovable. A.B.

Huckster heaven

HYPE by Steven M.L. Aronson. London, Vermillion. 198 pp. £5.95

THE BEDSIDE BOOK OF CELEBRITY SEX QUIZZES by Ron Smith. New York, Crown. 52 pp. \$3.95

THE BEDSIDE BOOK OF CELEBRITY GOSSIP by the Celebrity Research Group. New York, Crown. 119 pp. \$3.95

Wim van Leer

ling the account set out to collar "legends" to appear in the ads dressed in - you guessed it - black mink coats trademarked *Blackglama*. The remuneration included the retention of the coat after the photography was completed. Lauren Bacall, Melina Mercouri, Barbara Streisand, Bette Davis, Lena Horne, Helen Hayes, Lana Turner, in Dietrich, Nureyev, Pavarotti, and even that champion of the downtrodden, Lillian Hellman, appeared in the campaign. Brigitte Bardot, the self-appointed defender of all things green and furry, could not resist the invitation, nor could Elizabeth Taylor "who uses philanthropy (Israel war victims and Botswana clinics) to camouflage her extravagant lifestyle." Her tailor, improbably named Flossie Klotz, advised her to insist on a floor-length model. She did not get it.

The ringmaster of this debonair circus was Peter Rogers, now himself a hype legend, and by 1980 he had boosted the *Blackglama* turnover to \$944.2 million.

THE TOP REFEREES of the hype game of fame are Suzy (alias Aileen Elder Mehl), a gossip columnist (shouldn't that be columnist?), and a restauratrice ("running a restaurant that sells clannishness and exclusion to a poisonous degree") named Elaine Kaufman. At Elaine's, those "famous for being well known" congregate and "public people go to

be private in public." Mine hostess sports an elegant line in repartee:

Client: "My companion and I have been standing here for almost an hour now. I happen to be the president of Red Cross Shoes."

Elaine (looking up from her bill): "So what? Your shoes are full of shit and so are you."

HYPE HAS also managed to infiltrate the professions. Dr. Denton A. Cooley, "the heart surgeon's heart surgeon," now performs 30 open-heart operations a day and has done this in front of the TV cameras with hype-named talk-show guests (Norman Mailer, Donald Sutherland) in attendance. "Operating is very repetitious for Cooley...so to keep it alive and exciting he likes an audience. He even tells jokes...Publicity stunts like these tarnish the whole medical profession," muses Aronson as an afterthought. Meanwhile, Dr. Cooley has performed 85,000 heart operations in 35 lucrative years. His net worth, according to a *Forbes* Magazine estimate, is around \$40 m. At \$500 per operation, a snip.

FOUR CHAPTERS are devoted to that father-confessor of loose-leafed womanhood, "Kenneth (Battelle) of the golden scissors," hairdresser to the gilded tinsel. Kenneth runs his multi-million dollar empire from an H.Q. designed in "the style of a Chinese restaurant or a wonderful bordello" by Billy Baldwin, "famous for his Gay Nineties" parties where the men are gay and the women are all ninety." At the fashionable hairdresser, the servant becomes the master and the vulnerable and well-heeled submit in cadaveric compliance. The cubicle becomes the confessional where women confide in their hairdressers: "Mr. Edward, I have three children, two sons and a daughter, and my daughter is the only one who likes girls."

IN THE super-hype stakes, the Empress of Hype, that purveyor of romantic mush, Barbara Cartland, takes the cake, icing and all. At 81, looking like a caricature in pink candy-floss, she has: the second longest entry in *Who's Who*; taken 70 vitamin capsules every day of her life; a daughter, Ruine, married to the eighth Earl of Spencer, the father of Princess Diana; and written over 300 romantic novels, 74 of whose titles contain the word *love*.

All her litter-ary output is written to a set formula, with an eye on the girls' dorm and the maid's attic. The plots provide rich opportunities for Dukes and virgins, both these days in short supply. Litter-ature is but a stepping stone to greater things, such as Barbara Cartland wallpaper, porcelain, curtains, towels, desk-sets, calendars, greeting-cards and coat-hangers. The latest addition is Barbara Cartland Fragrances, a range of perfumes named after some of her landmark novels - *The Heart Triumphant*, *Moments of Love* and *Love Wins* ("The last one a little nasty"). The book ends with a long hilarious interview with Barbara spouting nuggets of triviality soaked in antedivian mush. Yet, Barbara Cartland must have done something right - ask her bank manager.

Hype is written in the racy hopping style of the gossip columnist, that brought to mind my friend Loren Hurd who once answered a rhetorical question in a TV commercial for plastic furs ("Wouldn't you like to own one?") by throwing a beer can through the screen.

IF Hype described the process of manufacturing celebrities, *Celebrity Sex Quizzes* gives us the dreary dicta of the glittering herd. Sex indulgence is not only a projection of virility but also a question of leisure and means, for love is a time-consuming thing. The sex-quiz is a many-flavoured thing ranging from the bland via the sweet-and-sour to the acrid. Each example has three names appended and we are invited to put the correct tail to the asinine quote:

"The Democrats are doing it to their secretaries and the Republicans are doing it to the country." a. Edward Kennedy. b. Joan Mondale. c. Russell Baker.

"Anything that can't be done in bed isn't worth doing at all." a. Joey Heatherton. b. Thomas Edison. c. Groucho Marx.

"Women who fancy they manipulate the world by pussy power...are fools. It is slavery to have to adopt such tactics." a. Germaine Greer. b. Bella Abzug. c. Bela Lugosi.

Not shy of four-letter words or anal preoccupations, the book makes up in dullness what it lacks in imbecility. (Quiz answers: b.c.a.)

CELEBRITY GOSSIP lists quips by the famous about the famous. Of possible local interest: Jimmy Carter on Menachem Begin: "He has a tendency to treat the Palestinians with scorn, to look down on them as subhumans and to rationalize his abusive attitude toward them by categorizing all Palestinians as terrorists." Sally Quinn, the wife of *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee, had this to say: "I think Menachem Begin is boring and an egomaniac." Miss Quinn should see the present lot.

Simone Signoret dealt affectionately with an earlier first family: "Madame Ben-Curion was the most perfect example I've ever encountered of what is affectionately known as the Yiddish mama."

The bulk is rather silly pap of considerable tedium, possibly useful as lavalator literature for the very, very constipated. □

Keeping mum

THE EXILE: A Life of Ivy Litvinov by John Carswell. London, Faber and Faber. 216 pp. £10.95.

David Krivine

IVY LITVINOV arouses little interest as a person. Her chief claim to fame is that she was at one and the same time an Englishwoman and wife of Maxim Litvinov, Soviet foreign minister through the 1930s. (There have only been, the book points out, three others in that post: Chicherin, Molotov and the present holder, Gromyko.)

The name Maxim Litvinov evokes the good old days when the USSR was a nice country, judging at least by its foreign policy (its domestic policy was a close-guarded secret).

Readers of this volume will recall why educated people in Britain, Sir Anthony Blunt and others, were captivated by the image that men like Litvinov and the amiable Ivan Maisky, Russia's ambassador at the time in Britain, presented of a new-born working-class regime striving for peace, equality and fair play in a world ridden by class divisions.

Litvinov came to life in Byalystok as Meir Wallach. His early years were spent plotting against the hated Czarist police-state together with Lenin, who called him Papasha.

He changed names as he changed clothes, appearing as Felix when organizing the Bolshevik congress of 1905; Ludwig Wilhelmovich Nietz when editing for a short spell a revolutionary paper in St. Petersburg; Dethiarsk when, exiled in the West, he bought arms with the proceeds of a robbery in Tiflis; and Max Harrison when he got a job as a clerk in the publishing firm Williams and Norgate.

He sided with Stalin against Trotsky because he thought the aim of policy should be to serve the national interest, not to promote universal revolution. He did not seek quarrels, he acceded to the Kellogg pact renouncing war as an instrument of policy. The author of this book, a friend of the family (or at least of Ivy's family), explains that Litvinov had always been a negotiator from a position of weakness: the politics of strength were repugnant to him.

In 1939 he was replaced by Molotov, because Stalin wanted a non-aggression treaty with the Nazis, whom Litvinov described in a letter to Ivy as "those bandits." He was summoned back to office when Stalin needed the West again, being appointed ambassador in Washington, where Roosevelt irritated him by calling him "Max."

BUT THIS VOLUME is about Ivy. She was half-Jewish (her father had married a colonel's daughter).

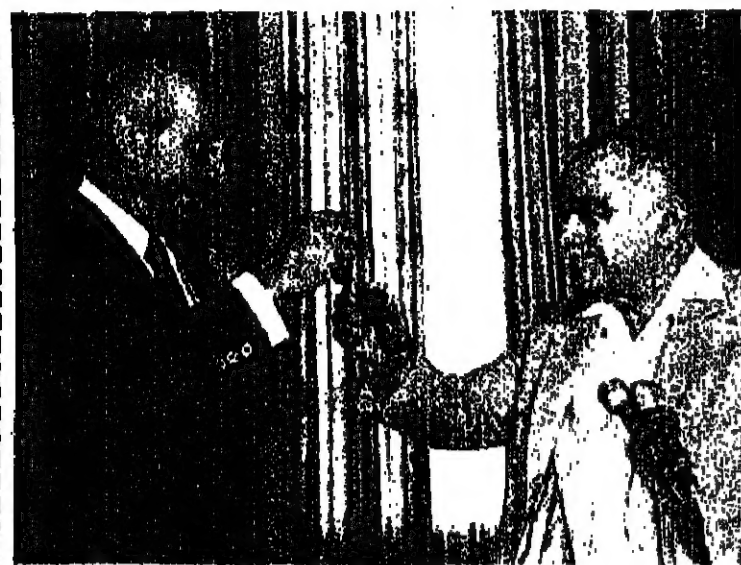
Her main preoccupation was writing, yet she did not write about the one subject that would have made her supremely interesting: happenings inside the Soviet Union.

She dared not speak out, that is true, but Maxim died in 1951 (his last words to her were: "Englishwoman, go home"), and she outlived him by 25 years.

Still she kept mum. The fact is that she was not interested in politics. By the mid-30s the Soviet Union had ceased to be a nice country. Maxim could never accept that. He told the Paris-based writer Alexander Werth that the Soviet leadership "refused to believe that good will could be the basis of any policy." They still don't believe it. □

**"As cold waters
to a thirsty soul,
so is good news
from a far country."**

— Proverbs, 25, 25



**"Behold, how good... for brethren to dwell
together in unity!"**

— Psalms; 133, 1

Unity in the Government of Israel could mean a lot of good news in the months and years ahead. As this country prepares to tackle its myriad problems, it does so unfettered by divisiveness.

Your friends and relatives abroad will want to keep up with all the news and developments from Israel and the Middle East. This Rosh Hashana, give them the gift they can enjoy every week of the year. **THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION.** It's like cold waters to a thirsty soul.

A tragic figure

IN SHEER weight, the amount written over the past 100-odd years about Abraham Lincoln, the man, the legend and the tragedy, must add up to countless tons. To this, Gore Vidal has added a novel of 657 large pages, weighty not only in avoirdupois but in historical and literary merit.

A master story-teller, Vidal is unsurpassed in his special kind of historical novel-writing. *Lincoln* is the latest in his series of American history novels including *Burr*, 1876, and *Washington, D.C.* These latter ones, dealing with less well-known episodes of the American past, are more apt to leave the reader in pleasant doubt as to where fact ends and fiction begins.

Whereas, to take such a familiar story and re-tell the facts in a fictional framework, and to tell it as graphically and suspensefully as he does, and with a wealth of detail, is an astonishing feat.

The characters are the familiar figures of history, brought up close with intimate personal details of their every-day living, appearance, thinking and talking, related in the witty, irreverent, often devastating manner Vidal has made famous.

Lincoln himself is drawn in master strokes, the tragic central figure in a sombre tapestry, relieved by the author's touches of satire and wit, as well as Lincoln's own well-known earthy humour. Key figures close to him are members of both his personal and official family. Mary Todd Lincoln is fully portrayed, with her mad spells and spending sprees, though her virtues too are clearly etched. Vidal includes, also, their three sons, Robert, already a young man, and the two young ones, Willie and Tad, loud, rambunctious, who keep getting underfoot, but always with the fond indulgence of their father.

LINCOLN'S immediate official family includes his secretaries, George Nicolay and John Hay, young men in their 'twenties, star characters on their own as well as keen observers of the scene. There are the top members of the Cabinet, Secretary of State William Seward, and at Treasury Salmon P. Chase.

Then there is a succession of inept, vain, dilatory, squabbling generals, who manage to botch the war against the Confederates in the early stages, until Grant, Sheridan and Sherman emerge. Vividly painted are the hordes flooding wartime Washington, both civilian and military: seekers of government jobs who plague the President personally and constantly; and the officers and men of the Army of the Potomac who fill Washington, to the delight of the brothel-owners, and the trepidation of parents of young daughters.

The city itself is treated with the author's barbed wit: "a city where if you did not choke on the dust you got stuck in the mud." And in the wide background the panorama of the war itself and its related events—Bull Run, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, the famous Address there, the Emancipation Proclamation.

And, hovering sinister in shadows, the many spies and conspirators, male and female, the most prominently highlighted of them, of course, John Wilkes Booth.

Lincoln's troubles were legion from the start. The threat of assassination hung over him long before he took the oath of office, to preside

LINCOLN: A Novel by Gore Vidal. New York, Random House. 657 pp. \$19.95.

Abe Kramer

over an already disintegrating nation in a decidedly pro-Southern city. To foil a rumoured plot on his life, he was prevailed on to slip into Washington for his inauguration furtively, in the middle of the night. When, newly inaugurated, he is escorted to a dreary, draughty, White House by the outgoing President, James Buchanan, the latter says to him at the entrance, *sotto voce*, "The office of President of the United States is not fit for a gentleman to hold!"

AS IF this were not depressing enough, the new President has to contend with a cabinet composed largely of ex-rivals for the presidency, all of whom despised each other; most were appointed out of political considerations and pressures by a president who was the most consummate politician of them all. In the fore are Seward and Chase, whose personal ambitions and idiosyncrasies, and, more important, their views on what should be done in the deteriorating situation, are, in Vidal's unsparing sketch of them, nothing if not incredible.

Seward, for example, conceived a brilliant plan to keep the Union together, simply by declaring war on France and Spain, as a diversion that would make the Southern states, out of patriotism, rally to the defence of the nation; while at the same time it would afford an opportunity to seize Mexico and Cuba, and thereby out-flank the South!

Seward and Chase, while they hated each other, were not averse to scheming together to form a "consulate" to take over the actual running of the government from a president who appeared to be "weak and vacillating." Lincoln would remain as a figurehead. He soon disabused them of their fantasies, and decidedly took charge of things; in fact, his bold measures, such as assumption of emergency "inherent powers" the Constitution didn't exactly spell out, to hold the Union together and prosecute the war, dismayed the "strong" consuls, until they later cheerfully went along with exercising the considerably added powers it gave them as well.

Long-held notions fall by the wayside, under Vidal's telling. Lincoln's beard, for example. It was grown during his clandestine railroad trip to Washington for his inaugural, because, as he explained it, "I had to do something useful on the train from Springfield." But it was, in fact, a calculated political move. With his characteristic whimsy, Lincoln later himself floated the story of the letter from "a little girl who liked whiskers." Actually, Vidal maintains, the letter had come from a group of influential New York Republicans who thought that a beard might give him dignity, something that they had found dangerously (politically?) wanting in the quaint western teller of funny and not-so-funny stories. "So Lincoln, the practical politician, grew the beard. Vidal does remark that "the clean-shaven face of the campaign posters was hard, even harsh-looking, while the bearded face looked amiable."

THE PORTRAYAL of Mary Lincoln is rather unexpected, too. Despite the fact that her family was Southern and slave-owning, her several brothers were fighting in the Confederate forces, and the suspicions about her loyalty and spy activities, Vidal clearly indicates that, though she was often foolish and unthinking with regard to "friends" who "used" her, she was totally devoted to her husband and the Union cause.

Mary was in fact totally abolitionist, which Lincoln never was, precisely because she had seen slavery first-hand. Lincoln, despite earlier speeches against slavery, campaigned for and entered the presidency never advocating the abolition of slavery, only its non-extension to the non-slave states; his first priority was to preserve the Union. His role of Great Emancipator evolved through the momentum of events in the long-drawn out Civil War, and his proclamation freeing the slaves in 1863 came as a military measure.

Mary, incidentally, may have been much maligned by history. Her "mad" spells were horrendous, and grew worse and worse; they came about whenever something brought on "The Headache" (as opposed to ordinary headaches), and suggest there may have been an ondition of the brain undiagnosable at the time.

As for her spending, she did over-spend on herself, on credit, with trips to the department stores of Philadelphia and New York, for which she was roundly criticized by the politicians, press and public, and gently admonished by her husband. But it was the lavish spending on the White House, "to fix it up," far exceeding the sums allotted by Congress, that aroused the ire of that body. Her perennial need of money encouraged the suspicion that she was selling secret information. In any event, it was Mary Todd Lincoln who transformed the White House from a dismal dwelling into a splendid mansion.

THE LINCOLN story unfolds like Greek tragedy. Against the backdrop of the disastrous fratricidal bloodletting that rent America, and would have destroyed it, had it not been for its president, Lincoln's personal troubles were many and deep. He had his own physical problems (such as chronic constipation); there were the vagaries and growing madness of his wife; the defectiveness of his youngest son, Tad, and the death of the next older child, Willie, which profoundly affected him.

Just over a month after Lincoln took his second oath of office, Robert E. Lee surrendered, on April 9, 1865, to Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox, Virginia. Five days later, on April 14, at the Ford's Theatre in Washington, John Wilkes Booth's bullet made Abraham Lincoln himself a casualty of the Civil War.

The date, the place, the event, are indelibly etched on the consciousness of the world. But such is the force of Gore Vidal's "fiction" that one begins to feel, and hope up to the very end, that perhaps this time it may turn out differently. But no, the Greek drama has to unfold.

At the outset of this fact-fiction odyssey, a reader may wonder if this trip is necessary, if it isn't rather a futile exercise to dwell so much on what must seem like a pea-shooter skirmish compared to subsequent history—the two World Wars, and what portends in a nuclear bomb and missile age. But at the end it is clear that scope is not the point. Here is the epic interaction on one another of an individual and his time.

CONSUMERS often complain to me about the practice of chain stores of marking prices in codes rather than directly in shekels. There is good news and bad news on this score.

First the bad news. Code-pricing is rapidly becoming the rule rather than the exception. The head of the Office of Consumer Protection in the Ministry of Industry and Trade, Ovadia Shraga'i, admits that it is better for the consumer to have exact prices on products. But he says code-pricing is inevitable, both because of the rapidity with which our prices change, and because of technological advances in cash registers.

Now the good news. A uniform system of code-pricing to make it clearer for the consumer has been adopted by the Association of Department and Chain Stores within the Federation of Israeli Chambers of Commerce. This self-regulatory "code for code-pricing" has been examined and approved by Ovadia Shraga'i. He stresses however, that this is not an agreement between the government and the stores, but a gentlemen's agreement among the chains themselves.

The Israeli law requiring shops to post prices—the Law for Products and Services—doesn't go into details, and can be interpreted to cover either actual prices or codes. "While exact prices are better," Shraga'i said, "an agreed system of code-pricing is the next best thing." There must be signs displaying the prices which correspond to the codes, and these have to be in shekels, of course.

Signatories to the agreement are the Union of Consumer Cooperatives and its subsidiaries—the Tel Aviv-Dan Hasharon Co-op chain, the Jerusalem Consumer Co-operative, the Hamashbir Lazarachan department-store chain, Kol-Bo Shalom, Super-Sol and Shekem.

When products are arranged on shelves, the relevant sign must be affixed to the front of the shelf. A crucial point is the size of the lettering. The name of the item, its code number and the price must be at least 4mm. high—or 5mm. if printed in computer script.

On top and bottom shelves, where it is likely that customers cannot see so easily, the letters and ciphers must be even larger.

Products displayed in quantity in a bin or on a stand must be identified with a readable sign attached, or hanging above it. In the case of refrigerated goods, where it is difficult to attach signs to the shelves because of their humidity, the price sign should be placed as close as possible to the relevant product.

In show windows, prices are to remain in actual figures, as is the practice today, and not in code.

The code-pricing system is appropriate only for stores which have cash registers programmed to give a print-out receipt with the corresponding code numbers or a worded description of the goods.

In case of a discrepancy between the price posted on the sign and the price at the cash register, the consumer is to pay whichever is the lower of the two. This is a very important point in the agreement, Ovadia Shraga'i points out, and one which consumers should be aware of.

Every store which decides to institute code-pricing is obliged to hang signs in several prominent places informing its customers of the code system and explaining how it works.

CODE-PRICING by numbers is only the first stage in streamlining the check-out procedure in supermarkets. The next step—which a few of our retailers have already taken—is pricing by bar-code.



It's code to me

MARKETING
WITH MARTHA

The bar-code system means labelling products with a series of unrecognizable little lines which the check-out clerk passes over an electronic scanner. The scanner "reads" the bar-code and transmits it to the printing device on the cash register. It speeds up check-out, as the operator does not have to punch any numbers.

However, with a bar-code, it may be even more difficult for the consumer to know the price of a given item, particularly if there is neither a shekel figure nor even a number code on the product, but only a price sign hanging near it. Unfortunately, the association's new agreement does not solve this problem, but simply postpones it. It states, "With the introduction of the bar-code system, there will be a discussion concerning the adaptation of the present system to the new system."

It seems to me that the time has already come for additional guidelines on bar-coding. I would propose that the bar-code be used in addition to the number code, not instead of it. Only an electronic eye, not a consumer eye, can read a bar-code.

The Department and Chain Stores Association has already come to an agreement with the Manufacturers' Association on a uniform type of bar-code to be used by the European Economic Community. In order, to facilitate our exports and imports. Some manufacturers have begun putting bar-codes right on their packages.

Meanwhile, a few retailers have started introducing bar-codes and electronic scanners on their own. At the Super-Sol chain, for instance, the two stores have begun scanning—the Agon Street branch in Jerusalem and the newly-opened store on Einsteinstreet in Ramat Aviv. Vice-president and merchandising manager

Merdechai Kreiner tells me that Super-Sol is employing the standard Israeli bar-code, but has to paste it on each item itself, as most manufacturers are not yet doing this. In addition, 40 per cent of Super-Sol branches are using code-pricing with the number system, the check-out clerk punching the code number into the cash register.

ANY CODE SYSTEM is obviously attractive for a large store, because it enables it to change prices quickly and easily, without employees having to re-label each individual item, often in front of the customer as he goes round the shelves. Kreiner admits that this is unesthetic, but says there are so many prices to re-label that the staff is compelled to work at this task throughout the day, not just when the stores are closed. Coding is the only way to remove this blot, he says.

A very real advantage of code-pricing for the consumer should be the speeding up of check-out time. Unless, of course, the stores use this as an excuse to cut down on check-out personnel, rather than improving service to customers.

The country's largest supermarket chain, the Tel Aviv-Dan Hasharon Co-op, has instituted number-code pricing in some 25 per cent of its branches, and plans to have the system working in all stores within a year or two. In Shekem's large and medium-sized consumer stores, 80 per cent of the merchandise in the grocery sections is coded. The Tnuva Hypermarkets were among the pioneers in code-pricing in this country, but are not a party to the agreement because Tnuva is not a member

of the Association of Department and Chain Stores. But the association chairman, Shai Mayer, assures me that the Tnuva Hypermarkets have agreed to honour the agreement on an informal basis.

EVEN THOUGH the agreement has no legal force, Ovadia Shraga'i says it will be very useful to the Industry and Trade Ministry in enforcing the vaguely-worded requirement of "price posting" under the Products and Services Law.

"In the future," he told me, "if we are obliged to prosecute a chain store for failing to post prices clearly, we can introduce this document in court as evidence that the chain stores undertook certain self-regulatory measures on code-pricing."

Consumers should, of course, give the chain stores a reasonable period of grace to adapt themselves to the brand-new voluntary code before they start going around with a tape measure to see if their neighbourhood supermarkets are really mknking the lettering 4 mm. high, and so forth. If not, my suggestion is that they file a complaint first of all with Shai Mayer at the Federation of Israeli Chambers of Commerce, 84 Hahashmona'im St., Tel Aviv, 61200, (tel. 03-288224).

If this fails, they should complain to Ovadia Shraga'i at the ministry headquarters in Jerusalem, or to any regional ministry bureau.

Yes, it is worth the trouble of filing consumer complaints, and I have a case in point to prove it. Perhaps you recall my writing last winter that my 13-year-old daughter and her friends wrote to the ministry about a private grocer in Tel Aviv who was overcharging schoolchildren on bags of chocolate milk and bread rolls, both price-controlled items. Recently, I

received a letter from the ministry saying that the grocer had been brought to court and fined a hefty sum.

As a reminder, the Industry and Trade Ministry is the correct address for complaints about the pricing of most items, with the exception of price-controlled eggs, poultry and fish, which are under the supervision of the Agriculture Ministry. Complaints about foreign bodies and spoilage in food products should go to the regional Health Ministry bureaux.

CONSUMERS got high marks in the quiz conducted last spring by the Histadrut's Central Consumer Authority. Thousands of shoppers in the Histadrut-affiliated Co-op supermarkets took part in the 15 question quiz on consumer know-how, and 50 of them won raffle prizes of money or merchandise.

The Consumer Authority subsequently analysed a random sample of 200 of the questionnaires. Most of them scored about 80 per cent correct answers.

The only two questions which stumped more than half the respondents were the meaning of the printed dates on bags of milk and of the laundering symbols on garments. Most of them failed to identify the milk date as "the last date of sale to the consumer." They thought it meant "the last date of use." As for laundering symbols, a triangle with an "X" over it means "do not use bleach," but fewer than half those sampled got this right.

An encouraging sign was that over 95 per cent correctly identified a Small Claims Court as one dealing with claims not exceeding IS100,000. And the Consumer Authority was pleasantly surprised to learn that over 80 per cent knew that the Controller of Monopolies and Cartels in the Industry and Trade Ministry is the correct address for a complaint "if all the hairdressers in your neighbourhood suddenly raise their prices in unison by 60 per cent."

When most consumers score high in such a quiz, the professional consumer organizations and those of us who write and broadcast on consumer affairs can take heart that the work we have been doing in recent years has not been in vain.

SOME TIME AGO in this column, I complained about the Shekem meat department's practice of selling packaged frozen beef without labelling it according to the various cuts. I am happy to report that Shekem has changed its policy and that its frozen beef will henceforth be identifiable by clear labels such as *katef* (shoulder), *izla'ot* (ribs), *hazeh* (breast), etc.

Shekem reports several other innovations in its meat department, which is one of the most respected in the country in terms of hygiene. It has begun selling frozen veal and lamb, which are pre-kashered, as is all its meat. It offers ready-to-cook corned beef, as well as pickled tongue.

In its ready-to-heat-and-eat line, it has introduced *knishes* with potato or liver filling. Catering to the tastes of Eastern Jews, it has developed an "Oriental-style kishke" stuffed with rice and ground meat. Pre-fried products, including a new breaded frankfurter, are being factory-fried these days in cottonseed oil, which is considered to have both health and taste advantages over conventional soy oil.

Shekem proudly reports that its meat-processing plant has just won a tender for a ready-to-heat-and-eat "Zahal hamburger" for IDF kitchens. It is due to go on the shelves in its supermarkets within a few weeks.

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